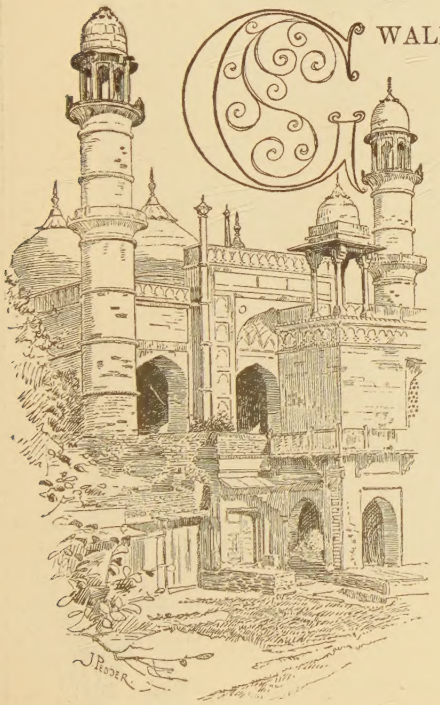
THE

Methodist Magazine.

JUNE, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

VI.

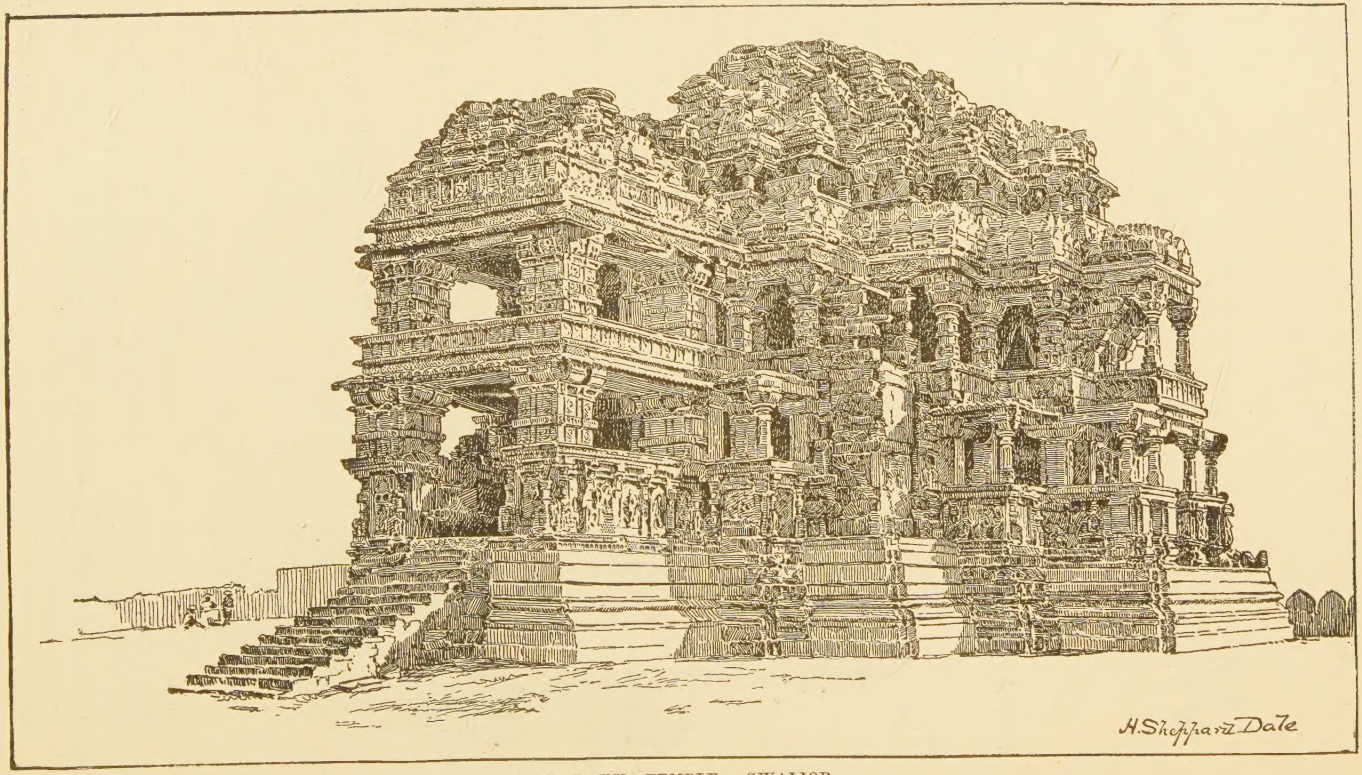


GWALIOR is an intensely interesting city. As the fortress capital of one of the leading native princes of India, it naturally commands the attention of the traveller, without the added interest of its beauty of situation, its fine architecture of the best Hindu period (1486–1516), its ancient temples, and its rock-cut Jain sculptures.

The Sas Bahu temple dates from A.D. 1093. All that remains standing is the cruciform porch, measuring 100 feet through, and sixty feet across the arms. It is a charming and beautiful work of the mason's art. Its surface is covered with fine sculptures of figures, animals, flowers, and numerous diapered ornamentation.

The Hindu temple, Teli-Ka Mandir (the Oilman's temple) is a square of sixty feet each way, rising in a succession of sculptured stories to a truncated platform eighty feet high and thirty feet

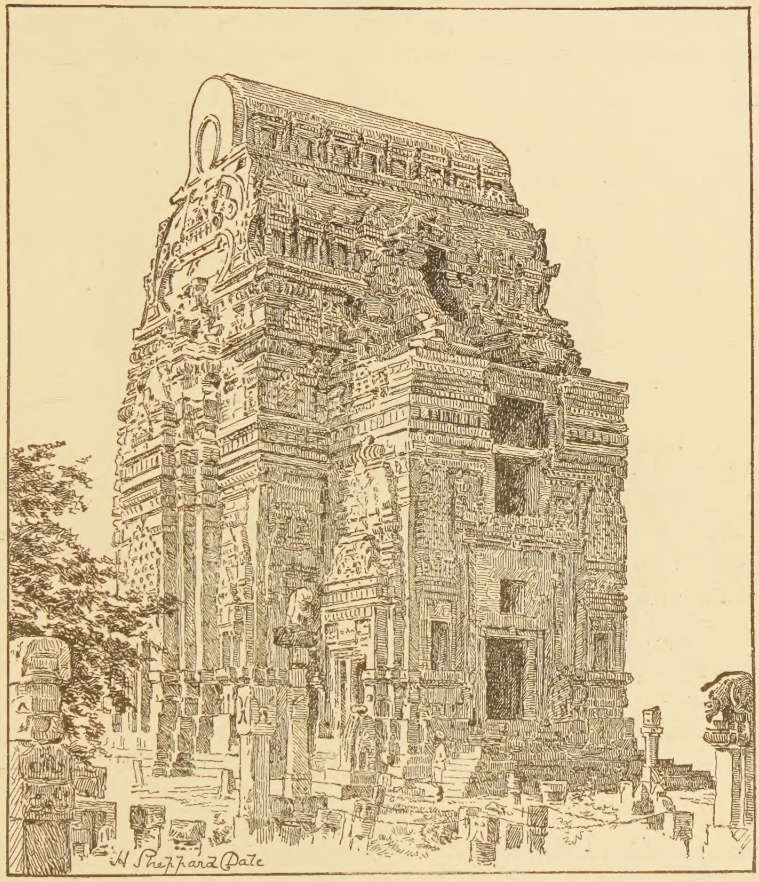
* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. Caine, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.



SAS BAHU TEMPLE, GWALIOR.

across. The fine doorway is thirty feet high. The date of its erection is put by Fergusson in the 10th and 11th century.

The deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri is a place of singular interest and beauty. The superb gateway, shown in our cut, must not be taken as any part of the architectural scheme of the noble mosque, to which it forms the entrance. It is really a triumphal



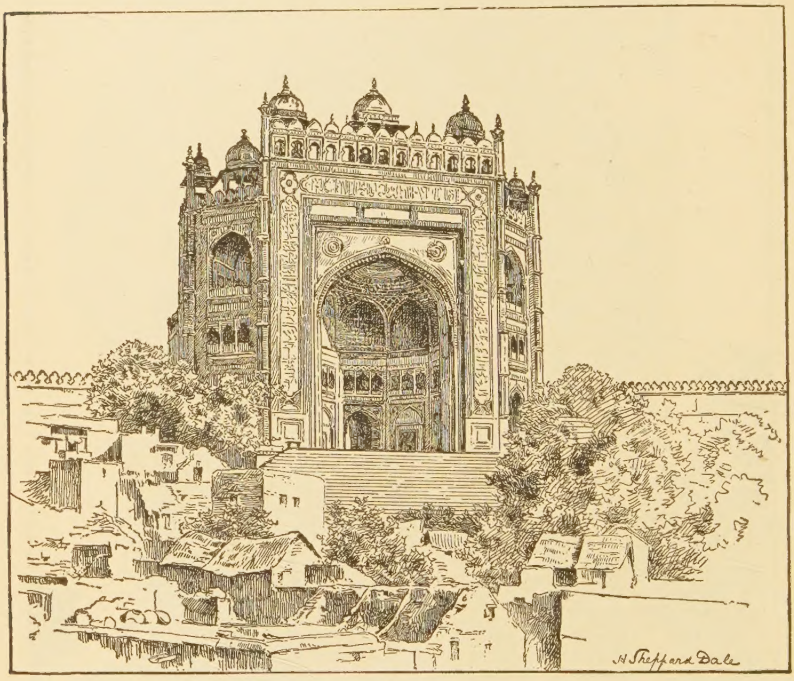
TELI-KA MANDIR, GWALIOR.

arch, erected many years after the mosque, in commemoration of conquest, as the inscription on the left hand of the gate entering the quadrangle states:—"His Majesty, King of Kings, whose place is as Heaven, Shadow of God, the Emperor. He conquered the Kingdom of the South, *i. e.*, in A.D. 1601."

The corresponding inscription, on the other side of the entrance, is translated thus:—"Jesus, on whom be peace, said, the world is

a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there; he who hopeth for an hour, may hope for eternity. The world lasts but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is unseen." A similar inscription is on the Taj.

The Panch Mahal is a five-storied colonnade, sixty-five feet high. The ground-floor has fifty-six columns, the first floor thirty-five, the third fifteen, the fourth eight, while the fifth, or top storey, is a dainty little domed pavilion, resting upon four columns. The capitals of the columns vary in design. The guide points



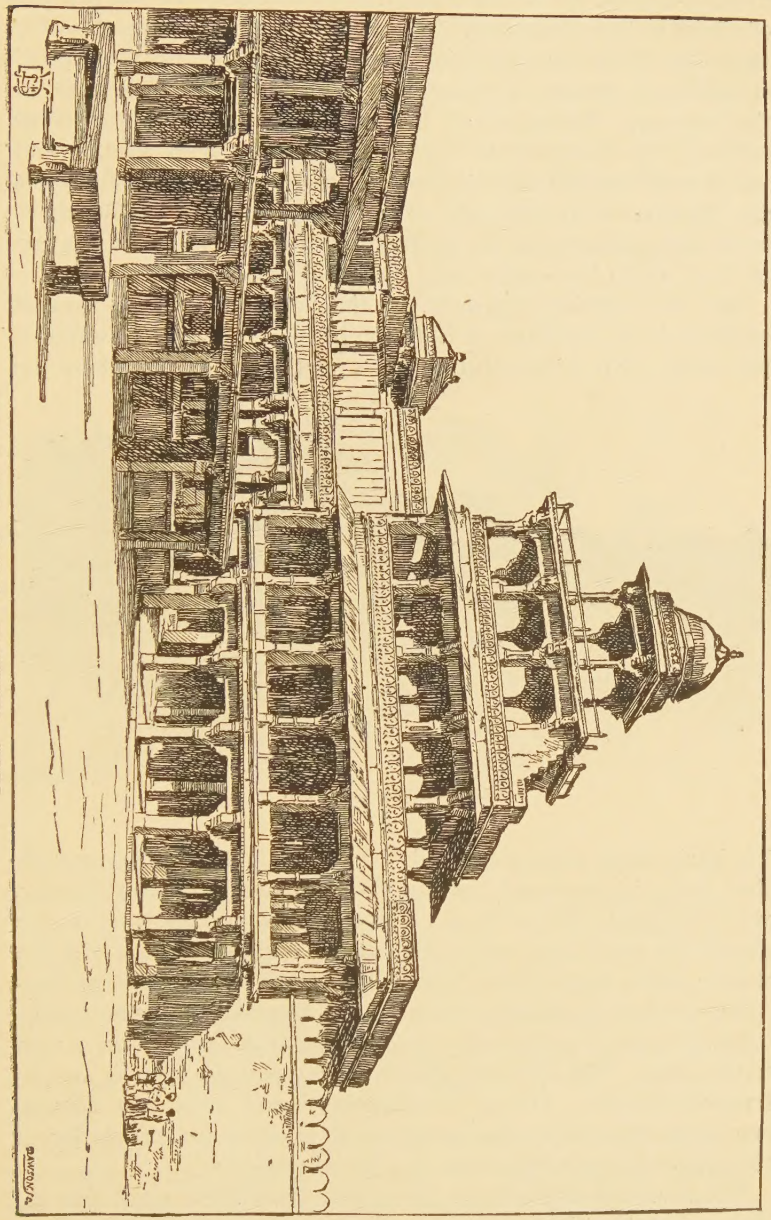
THE BULAND DARWAZA, FATEHPUR SIKRI.

out one which is formed of two elephants with interlaced trunks, and another of a man plucking fruit from a tree, which is said to be a fragment of some ancient Buddhist temple.

Muttra is a very ancient place. It is mentioned by Ptolemy, Arrian, and Pliny, and is associated with the earliest Aryan period. Here Krishna and Balarama, the divine herdsmen, fed their cattle in primeval forest pastures. It became a centre of Buddhism, and in the 4th century possessed twenty monasteries with 3,000 monks.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Mission commenced operations

in the city of Muttra in 1887, by appointing William Plomer, an ordained native catechist, under the superintendence of the Rev.

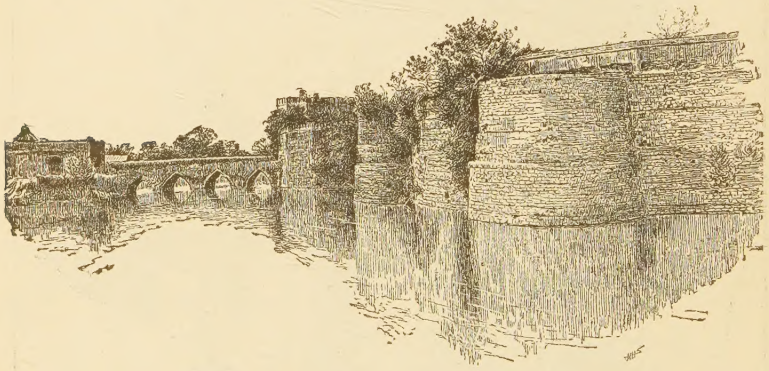


THE PANCH MAHAL, FATEHPUR SIKRI.

W. R. Clancey, then missionary in charge of Agra. Both educational and evangelistic work was at once commenced and carried

on during the year, resulting in the organization of thirteen secular schools with an attendance of 336 pupils, and seventeen Sunday-schools, involving nearly 1,000 scholars, and the baptism of about a dozen converts. A mission-house was erected, also a Deaconess House and Training School. Ten catechists, occupying six different centres, are constantly preaching at the fairs and in the bazaars. Zenana work has also been carried on at those centres. A book-shop is kept supplied with both secular and religious books, and the sales are encouraging. About 2,000 tracts are distributed gratuitously every week. During 1889, there have been gathered on the entire circuit about 100 converts, the most of whom have been from the lower castes.

One mile further eastward, in the depth of a wild, wooded country, is the cenotaph of Suraj Mall, the founder of the Bhartpur state. It is a beautiful building marking the spot where the



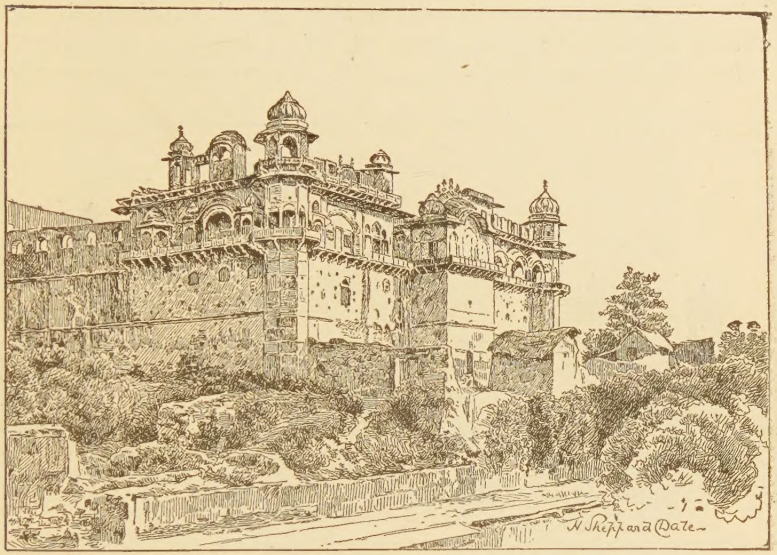
OLD FORT, BHARTPUR.

Thakur's ashes were deposited. On every side of the reservoir that fronts it, handsome landing-places run out into the still water, with deep and wide staircases between; a venerable banyan-tree shades the south side, and sends its pendant shoots towards the water; apes swarm on its boughs, and, from time to time, a king-fisher quivers his flashing colours over the lake before he strikes a fish, or a great crane makes a swoop from one side of the woods to the other. The spot is singular in its repose, its silence, and its irregular charm. This is the *Kusumsarowar,* or lake of flowers, one of the stations in the ban-jatra or autumn perambulation of the groves sacred to Krishna and his companions.

The revenues of the State are about £300,000 a year, and the Maharaja coins his own money. The army consists of about 1,500 cavalry, 8,500 infantry, and 250 artillery, whose guns, however,

are only good enough for salutes. The State is well administered, and the present Maharaja, Jaswant Singh, is an enlightened and cultured prince.

Bhartpur is a fine Hindu city of 60,000 inhabitants, with clean, bright, prosperous bazaars. It is surrounded by a wall and a dry moat. The fortress is surrounded by a canal, and is exceedingly picturesque. The palace is within the fort, and is a modern building with a magnificent stone staircase; it is furnished with tawdry European magnificence. The old palace is a very interesting building.



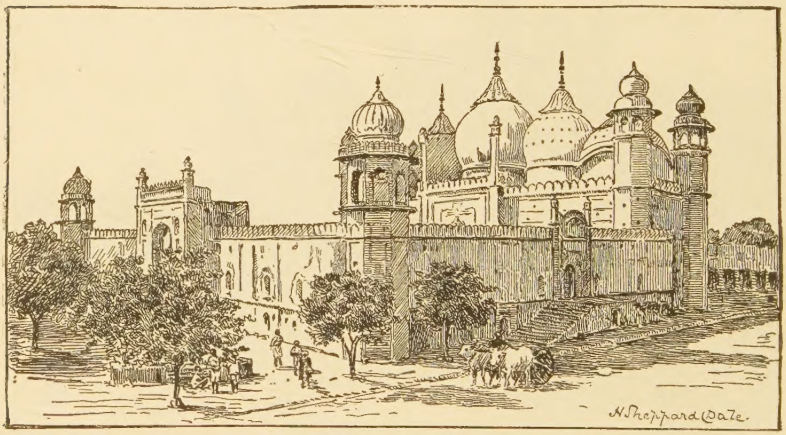
OLD PALACE, BHARTPUR.

The fort and civil station of Aligarh form a suburb to the ancient city of Koil, which has played a conspicuous part in the history of India for the last 1,500 years. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain, lying between the Ganges and the Jumna, known as the Doab, an almost uninterrupted sea of green and smiling cultivation. The station is one of the prettiest in India, and the roadways are avenues of nim, mango, peepul, mowra, and other fine trees. The town bungalow is near the railway station.

The native town of Koil is handsome and well-placed, surrounding a high mound, crowned by Sabit Khan's beautiful mosque, which though built during the last century, is getting somewhat dilapidated. There is a very beautiful tank in the city, surrounded by temples, pavilions, and magnificent trees, in

which countless monkeys live. These mischievous animals are a great nuisance to the inhabitants, who are compelled to put iron gratings over the windows of the houses to keep them out; being sacred, they cannot be dealt with, either by slaughter or deportation.

There is to be seen in Aligarh a frankness and intimacy of social intercourse between Englishman and Indian rarely met with in India. The English ladies and gentlemen of the station entertain the college students at lunch, and accept their invitations to dine with them in the college hall. The basis is thus laid of feelings of goodwill which, if it spread, will be of incalculable advantage both to the people of India and to the British rule. On such occasions the venerable old Syed has frequently

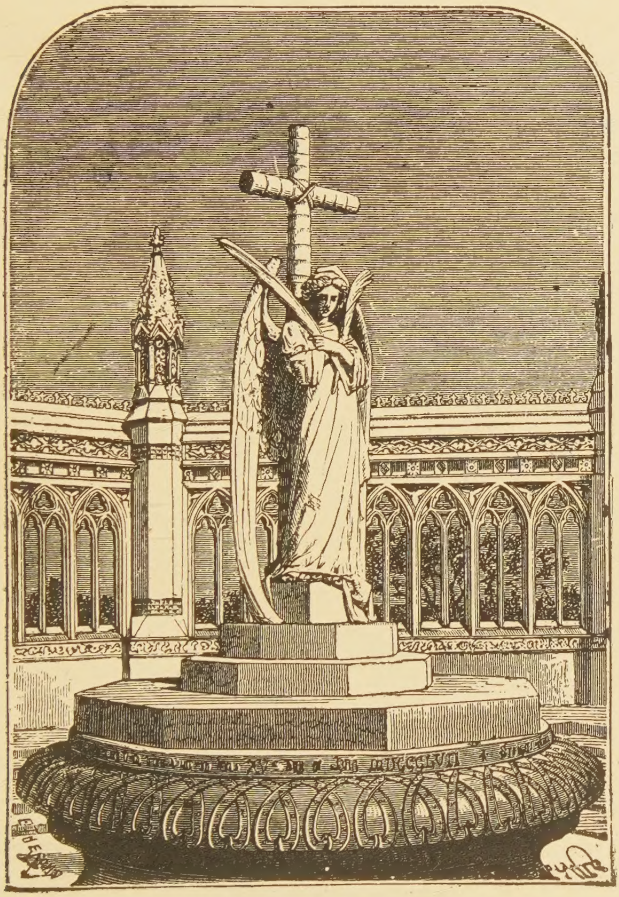


SABIT KHAN'S MOSQUE, ALIGARH.

uttered, with impassioned earnestness the wish of his heart that the Englishman and the Mohammedan may become sincere friends and fellow-workers, and has pointed to the college banner of a cross supported on a crescent.

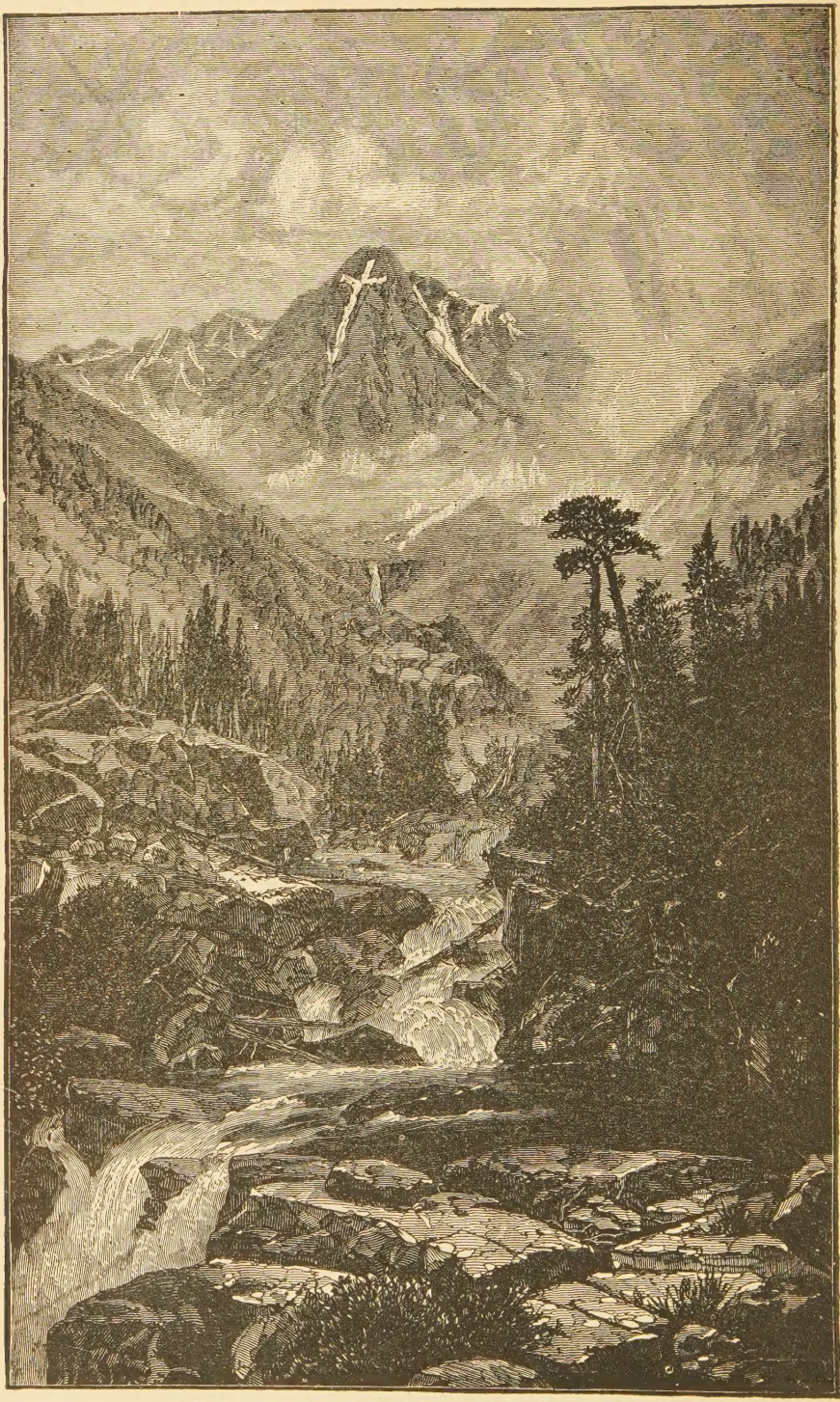
Cawnpore is a large modern native city, with British cantonments, whose population is over 150,000. The Ganges shore is here lined by the Memorial Gardens, enclosing the famous well. The gardens cover nearly fifty acres, and are prettily laid out. Over the fatal well a mound has been raised, which slopes upwards until it is crowned by a handsome octagonal Gothic wall, with iron gates. In the centre of the inclosure is the figure of an angel in white marble by Marochetti, with arms crossed on her breast, each hand holding a palm branch. Over the archway of the gate is inscribed: "These are they which came out of great

tribulation"; and around the wall which marks the circle of the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Náná Dhundu Panth of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the xvth day of July, MDCCCLVII." The expense of



THE ANGEL.

the construction of the gardens and memorial was defrayed partly out of a fine levied on the city after the suppression of the rebellion. A Government grant of £500 a year is made for the maintenance of the gardens, which are irrigated from the Ganges Canal. In the gardens, south and south-west of the well, are two graveyards, with monuments to those who were massacred or died at Cawnpore during the Mutiny.



MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.—*See page 537.*

"THROUGH COLORADO."

BY THE EDITOR.

TRAMWAY IN THE LITTLE COTTONWOOD.

The Rio Grande and Western Railway through Utah traverses a picturesque and well-watered fertile country. The principal wealth, we judge, is the mines. One of these, Ontario Mine, Park City, has paid in dividends in fifteen years $11,000,000. In these mines, copper, silver, lead and gold abound. Some of the lateral valleys are penetrated by daring, narrow-gauge railways, which climb at steep grades on a shelf high up the mountain to these far-off mines. One of these is shown above.

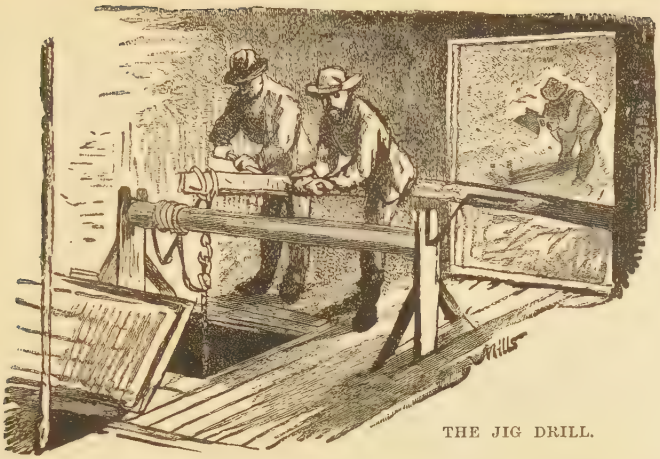
As we traverse the Wasatch Mountains the scenery becomes wild and picturesque. The population is but nominal, at one of the stations the chief signs of civilization being a letter-box and water-tank. At Castle Gate the road passes between two huge cliffs, 500 feet high, deeply dyed with red stains, with only space

for road and river between. For scores of miles the railway skirts high cliffs, with coloured bands of rock in regular strata, shining in the bright light like the coloured marbles of vast cathedral walls, wind-carved and water-worn into fantastic forms.

Towards sunset we got a glorious distant view of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, with rugged peaks and pinnacled crags,

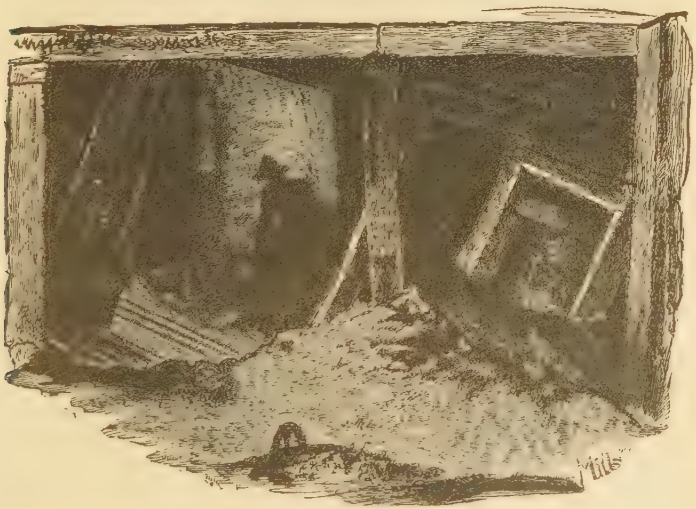
CASTLE GATE.

and of the noble snow-crowned summits, San Raphael and Sierra Lasalle, burning like a topaz in the setting sun. The soft purples of the giant castles and fortresses grew a deeper purple in the twilight, and then gray and spectral, and faded into night. For miles we followed the Grand River valley, and traversed the ever wilder scenery of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. I stopped over night at Grand Junction, in order to have daylight



THE JIG DRILL.

for the magnificent scenery of the Grand River Canyon. These Western towns seem very rough, raw and uncouth. They present the phenomenon of the first elements of civilization crystallizing into civic institutions.

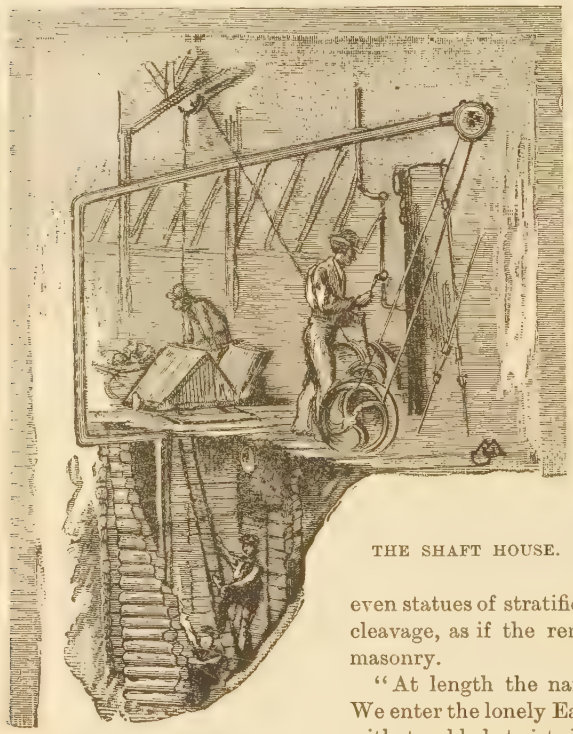


ATHWART AN INCLINE.

After following for several miles the windings of the Grand River, we reach Glenwood Springs, a town of electric lights, waterworks and fine hotels. The materials for the first hotel were brought in over the mountains on the backs of burros, or on mule-trains. A constant daily flow of about two and a half

million gallons of highly mineralized water, heated in nature's furnace to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, fills a basin six hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide. Although but of yesterday, the city has one of the best equipped bathing establishments in the world, with enamel-lined bath-rooms and every other appliance of luxury.

Diving through a tunnel, we enter a marvellous gorge—the Canyon of the Grand River. This has been thus described by the graphic pen of Mr. Stanley Wood:



THE SHAFT HOUSE.

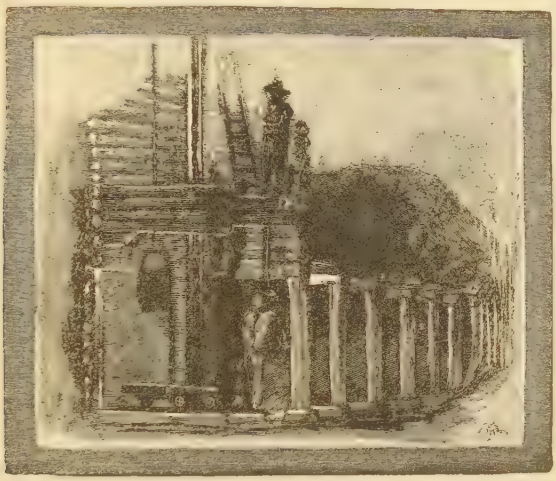
"We are in a region of glowing colour and graceful form, where the vermilion, the maroon, the yellow, the green abound and mingle and contrast. Stupendous cliffs rise to enormous heights on either side; in places the effect is that of colossal Egyptian architecture. Huge bastions of granite rise to vast heights; columns, buttresses, walls, pyramids, towers, turrets, even statues of stratified stone, with sharp cleavage, as if the remains of Cyclopian masonry.

"At length the narrow canyon opens. We enter the lonely Eagle Valley, covered with tumbled, twisted, black and blasted expanse of scoria, the outpouring of some ancient volcano of tremendous activity. Eagle River Canyon is almost more impressive than the one we have just passed. Cliffs of vari-coloured rocks, whose lofty and apparently insurmountable summits bear the dark banners of pine, rise to a height of 2,000 feet. Admiration and awe take possession of the mind, when suddenly these emotions are overshadowed by wonder and almost incredulous surprise at the daring of man; for there above us, perched like the eyries of heaven-scaling eagles, rest the habitations of men. There are the shaft-houses and dwellings of adventurous miners. The rich ore, blasted from its matrix, is conveyed to the railway track, 2,000 feet below, by a most ingenious system of tramways, endless steel ropes, steel baskets

and the like. There is something very impressive in the sight of these frail cliff-perched dwellings, on the sharp, scarred sides of Battle Mountain."

One of the grandest sights of this region of mountain and canyon is a view of the Mountain of the Holy Cross, over 14,000 feet in height. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll thus describes its appearance:

"From ages unnumbered the cross has been planted here, as a prophecy during unmeasured generations, as a sign of glorious fulfilment during nineteen centuries, from always unto eternity, a reminder of our fealty to Heaven, this divine seal has been set on our brightest mountain. Here in the sight of all men is inscribed this wondrous testimony to the



BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

sovereignty of God, showing grandly out in the pure ether; and above all turbulence of earthly clouds, it says, 'Humble thyself, O man! Uncover thy head and acknowledge thy weakness. Forget not that, as high above thy gilded spires gleams the splendour of this ever-living cross, so My thoughts are above thy thoughts and My ways above thy ways!'"

I do not know the size of this huge cross. It must be hundreds of feet in length. It shines afar in snowy brightness, like a sign marked by God on the mountain's brow, visible for many miles.

Towards night we reach the famous cloud-city of Leadville, once probably the richest mining camp in the world. It has a population of nearly 30,000, and an altitude of 10,200 feet. It is surrounded by magnificent scenery, and is the centre of vast mining interests.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll thus describes the general process of mining in Colorado:

"The general fact of the position of the ores being understood, let me

suppose that our prospectors have been more than ordinarily successful; that they have dug not more than a hundred feet, have curbed their shaft securely with timber, have struck the greenish-white porphyry, and finally have met with the longed-for 'contact,' which separates the mineral bearing rock from the barren gangue. They have been little troubled by water, and they have done all their work with the help of one man and the ordinary windlass. There being every indication that wealth is just beneath their picks, they erect over the shaft a framework of heavy timbers, called a 'gallows,' and hang in it a large pulley. A little at one side, close to the ground, is fixed a second pulley. Under this, and over the upper one, is reeved the bucket-rope, and a mule is hired to walk away with it when the bucket is to be drawn up, creeping back when the bucket goes down. This is a 'whip.' If you care to go down one of these deep shafts you may stand in the bucket, or you may unhook it, and, placing your foot in the noose, be lowered away in the bucket's place. If your head is strong there is no great danger.

CLIFF DWELLINGS.

"When the miner really 'strikes it,' and the brown, crumbling, ill-looking ore begins to fill the bucket to the exclusion of all else, assaying fifty, or a hundred, or four hundred ounces to the ton, a house is built over the shaft, and a steam-engine supersedes the patient mule.

"The depth at which a mine is found (if at all) can hardly ever be guessed at. Paying 'mineral' has been met with from the surface to more than three hundred and fifty feet in depth. Usually the shafts are over a hundred feet deep.

"The deposit having been tapped, digging out the ore begins. This is done by means of horizontal passage-ways or tunnels, known as 'drifts,' which are driven into the rock from the bottom of the shaft."

The various processes of mining are clearly shown in our cuts on pages 535 and 536.

Leaving Leadville we soon strike the Arkansas River, and follow it down to the picturesques town of Salida. Here I stopped over to make the circuit of nearly a thousand miles on the

Denver and Rio Grande narrow-gauge railway. This three feet wide road climbs over several passes from 10,000 to 11,000 feet high, and winds its devious way—a remarkable triumph of engineering—up steep grades, around perilous canyons, presenting an infinite variety and sublimity of scenery. Two engines dragged our five light cars up a steep grade, panting fiercely with

SUMMIT OF VETA MOUNTAIN.

the effort, the little Pullman coaches seeming almost like toys. The snowy summits of Yale, Harvard and Princeton peaks, with the still loftier Sangre de Cristo range, and the grim massiveness of Mount Ouray, lined the horizon. Near at hand, valleys of brightest verdure, like that of Switzerland, opened in pretty vistas; running water gleaming and flashing everywhere through lovely mountain meadows. The accompanying map will show

the remarkable alignment of this railway over the San Juan Mountains.

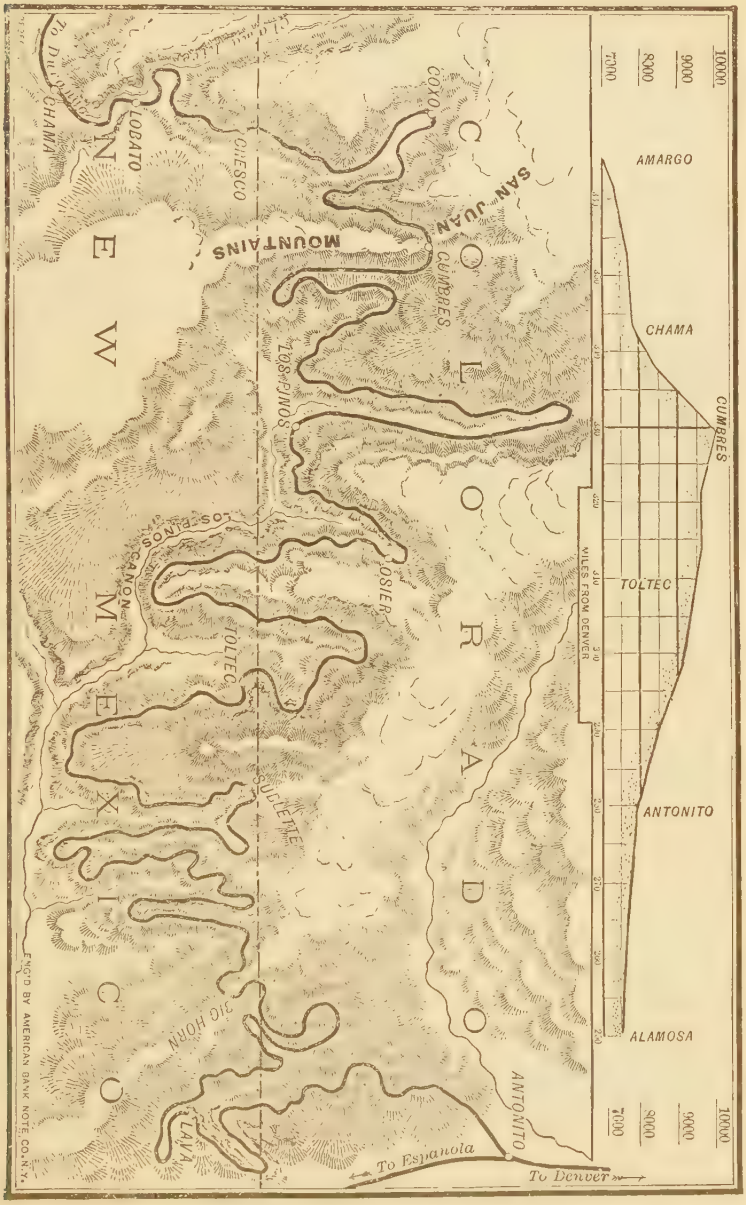
The Veta Pass, shown in one of our cuts, has an elevation of 9,400 feet, but others which we climbed reach an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet higher.

We passed *en route* certain Spanish-looking towns—Alamosa and Antonito—with an occasional sight of Spanish-looking Mexicans and Pueblo Indians. The Pueblo of New Mexico is a

RIO GRANDE VALLEY.

remarkable structure. The dwellings are all built of mud-coloured adobes, or sun-dried bricks, and are arranged so as to enclose a plaza, or public square. The walls are from two to four feet in thickness, and the roofs are of timber, covered with dirt a foot or more in depth. Many houses are two, and some even four or five stories, or rather terraces, in height, each successive storey being set back some twelve or fifteen feet from the side walls of the next storey below. The usual manner of entering these dwellings is by a ladder outside the building to the roof, and through a hole descending to the interior by another ladder, though some, as a

modern improvement, have doors cut through the side walls. This measure was doubtless adopted as a defensive measure

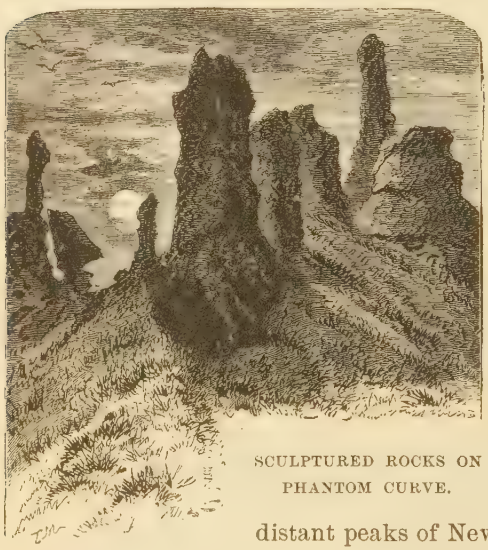


ALIGNMENT OF DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY OVER SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS.

during troublesome times, when it was often necessary to convert the Pueblo into a fortress from which to repel hostile invasions.

In this region also occur the remarkable cliff dwellings of an extinct race.

The ride over the San Juan Mountains was one of much interest. The line pursues a tortuous course, following the convolutions of the hills, ever climbing higher and higher, till at length we reach the breast of the mountain and obtain a startling view into the depths, where the silver river of the Los Pinos trails in and out among the trees many hundreds of feet below—a sudden revelation of delight and grandeur. Our train clings to a narrow path carved out far up the mountain side, whilst vast masses of volcanic conglomerate tower overhead, projecting into bristling crags. The river sinks ever deeper, the train hangs over an abyss that makes us shudder, and the dim and distant peaks of New Mexico skirt the horizon. One of the most striking scenes is Phantom Curve, where the tall monuments of sandstone are carved by the elements into weird and fantastic figures.

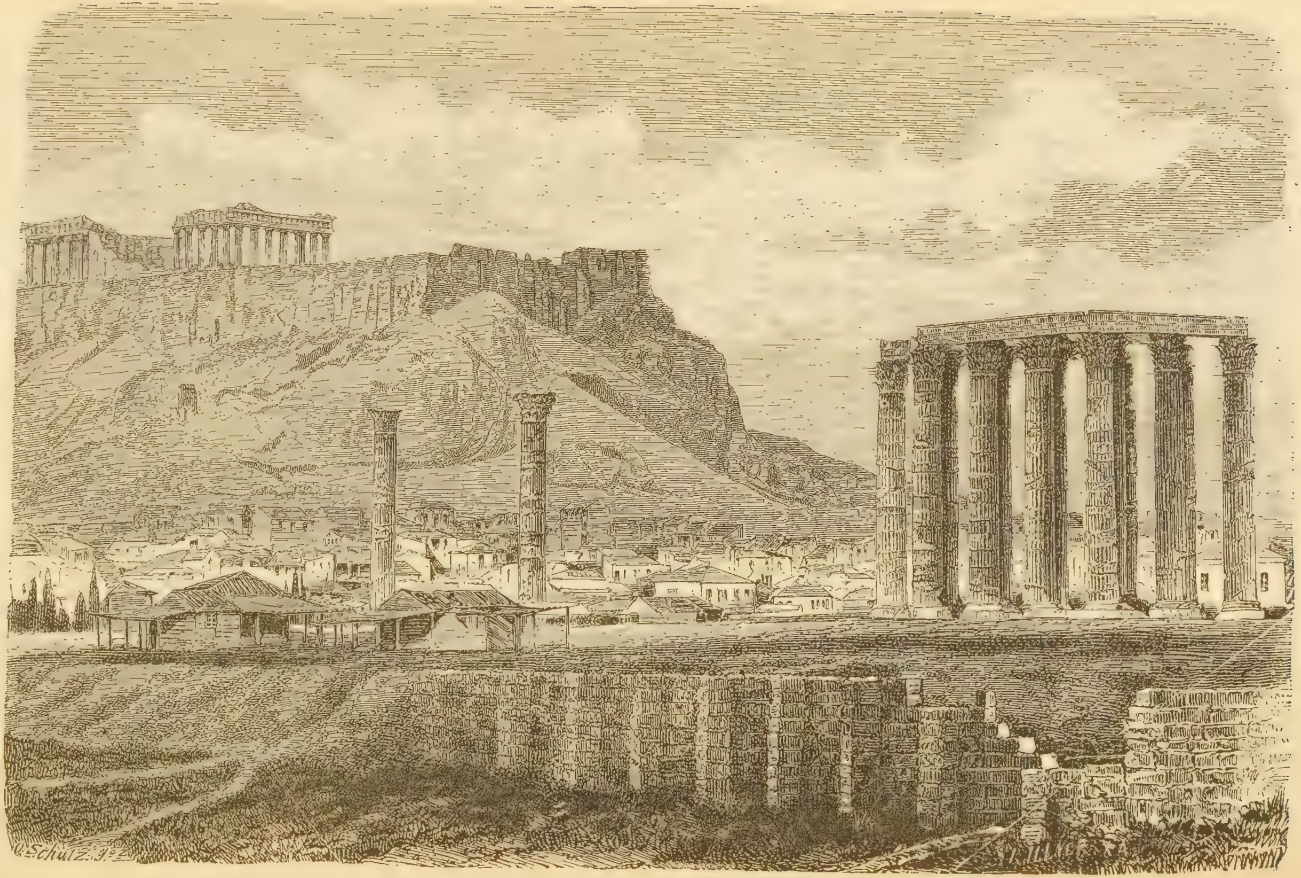


SCULPTURED ROCKS ON PHANTOM CURVE.

So high do we climb—10,000 feet above the sea, and above even the sources of the streams and rivers—that water for supplying the boilers of the saw-mills has to be brought a long distance in railway tanks. These high valleys are useful chiefly for stock-grazing; forty thousand cattle pasture these meadows in the summer, and are driven to the lowlands in the fall. Thousands of sheep are also seen. The wind blows keen and cold, and far below us, like a huge snake, lie the snow-sheds following the many windings of this remarkable railway. The approach to Toltec Gorge (shown in our engraving on next page) prepares one for something extraordinary and spectacular. To quote the language of Mr. Stanley Wood: "A black speck in the distance, high upon the frowning cliff, as we approach, widens into a yawning portcullus, through which the train plunges and emerges on a shelf

TOLTEC GORGE.

fifteen hundred feet above the brawling, foaming Toltec River below." The track itself is supported on a trestle-work balcony overhanging the gorge.



ATHENS—THE ACROPOLIS—COLUMNS OF TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS IN FOREGROUND

ATTICA AND ARGOLIS.

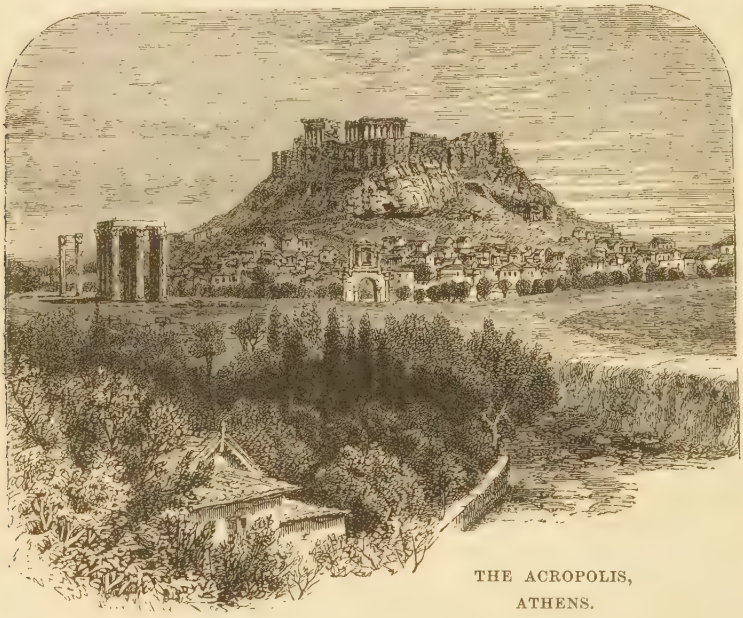
RED-LETTER DAYS IN GREECE.

BY REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

In the forenoon of the day after our excursion to Ephesus, as related in "Vagabond Vignettes," we left the *Daphne*—soon to proceed on her voyage to Constantinople—and were transferred with our *impedimenta* to the steamship *Tebe*, of the same line, bound for the classic shores of Greece. It will readily be believed, from what I have already written of our treatment on board the *Daphne*, that we left that vessel without regret. Indeed, I have a very vivid remembrance of a feeling of intense relief, as I looked my last at the black, curly head and forbidding countenance of the chief steward, although that functionary had been considerably more civil, as the time for parting drew near, possibly with the hope of a "tip," in which, however, my companion and I had the melancholy satisfaction of disappointing him. Arriving on board the *Tebe*, a smaller ship than the *Daphne*, we found, to our dismay, that her saloon also was filled to overflowing with the accumulating stream of travel now flowing westward. Every berth was occupied. Here was an outlook! Were we to have our experiences on the *Daphne* repeated, and to discomfort have the added and objectionable increment of impudence? Were we fated, in our sailing through classic seas, to fall in with overcrowded steamers, and be brow-beaten by irascible captains and impertinent and imperturbable chief-stewards? Happily no; a half-minute's conversation with the functionary presiding over the saloon of the *Tebe* made matters as straight as they could be. The semi-circular recess at the end of the saloon was evidently intended by its adaptabilities for emergencies like the present. There was room for seven or eight *al fresco* beds, to be made up in somewhat crowded comfort, within its limited space, while heavy curtains, running completely across, shut it off from the rest of the saloon. Here there was room for us, and our troubles on that score were at an end. The polite little steward, as obliging and kindly as the other had been churlish and rude, made us feel at home and in comfort at once, and we went on deck with minds relieved to await the hour for the steamer's departure and look our last at the busy quays and splendid harbour of Smyrna. We were close, as it happened, to the landing-place, and watched for a while, with much interest, the ever moving pictures there,

as the boats plied to and fro, landing or embarking passengers and baggage. Then, as we cast off from our moorings and steamed out from the line of ships and steamers into the broad bay, we looked long at the beautiful city, clustering white and fair at the foot of the splendid hills which rise castle-crowned behind it, till gradually it faded from our view.

The change from the *Daphne* to the *Tebe*, we found a very agreeable one indeed; and as we settled down to our new surroundings, and fraternized with our new fellow-voyagers, the remainder of that bright Saturday passed speedily away. Night



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

brought with it, by and by, the hour for retiring, and in the best of good humour, quite a varied assortment of travellers were, so to speak, *shelved* in the after-part of the saloon in the tiers of berths arranged with wonderful deftness and politeness by our new *maitre d'hôtel*. So we slept the sleep of the just—at least of the contented and the tired, and woke to a glorious Sunday morning, and a bright blue sky and sea.

Some of our Church of England friends—we had some very pleasant and genial young clergymen on board—arranged for a morning service on deck, in which they kindly invited some of us non-episcopals to take part, and, though declining official participation, we joined, with great pleasure and profit, in the beautiful liturgy, never more impressive and touching than when used

under such circumstances. The bright sky shone down upon us, the classic shores of Greece were on our lee; the good steamship *Tebe* sped swiftly through the blue waves of the Ægean, her engines throbbing a rhythmic accompaniment to prayer and reading. The strange figures and quaint dresses of the Levantine passengers, as they curiously watched our devotions, in the forward part of the deck; the indolent grouping of the few non-worshipping Westerns by the companion-way or under the awnings, aft; and then the knot of quiet worshippers—English and American—amidships, all made up a picture that lingers still. English speech, English reverence, English Christianity, the world owes much to them after all.

Service was hardly over, when, on the starboard bow we saw a lofty headland crowned with the crumbling columns of an ancient temple. It was Cape Colonna—"Sunium's marble steep," as Byron calls it, at the entrance of the Saronic Gulf, the most southerly point of ancient Attica. There was quite an excitement among us, as the ruins came clearly into view; and eye and field-glass were used to the utmost to scan the columned cape, advanced outpost, as it were, of the antique glories we were expecting soon to see. In a little while, as we passed within the curve of the gulf, some one cried, "There's the Acropolis in the distance," and there, sure enough, miles away, yet seen plainly through the clear atmosphere, stood out the bold outline of the far-famed crag; its coronet of white marble gleaming on its brow, like the foaming crest of a mountain wave frozen rigid in its breaking. Yes, there was the Acropolis, and all around it, the Athenian plain, with the houses of the modern city hazily visible at its foot. What memories came trooping up as we gazed. What names, what deeds, what imperishable history clustering around that distant hill, the pivot on which has turned so large a proportion of civilization and thought and liberty. How the mind went back to the class-room, and the knot of students around the professor; and all the wondrous poetry and stirring narrative and weird romance connected with that hill mingled with memories of friend, and classmate with whom, in college foregatherings, one had talked and read and thought of these very scenes, now in veritable sky and sun and sea and landscape here before us!

Meanwhile the *Tebe* was swiftly bearing us through the Bay of Salamis to the Piræus, now, as anciently, the harbour of Athens, and distant from it between four and five miles. Ships of many a flag—a British war-vessel, if I remember aright, among them—lay around us as we cast anchor within the harbour; and very

K. ILLNER. sc. LEIPZIG

soon my friend and I, more fortunate than most of our fellow-passengers, were transferred with our luggage to one of the many boats in attendance, and, in a few minutes, were rowed ashore. The cerberus at the Customs gave us no trouble with our packages, in which also we were more fortunate than some of our friends, and with no delay worth speaking of, we stepped into one of the carriages in waiting, and were whirling off at a good speed in the direction of Athens. Then my good friend, usually so equable and quiet, warmed into ecstatic exclamation at the joy and wonder of our circumstances. We were really in Greece, and this was the road from the Piræus to Athens, the same

THE PARTHENON.

great thoroughfare that, centuries before our era, flanked by massive walls on either side, ran from the fortress-girdled harbour to the well-walled city of Pallas-Athené!

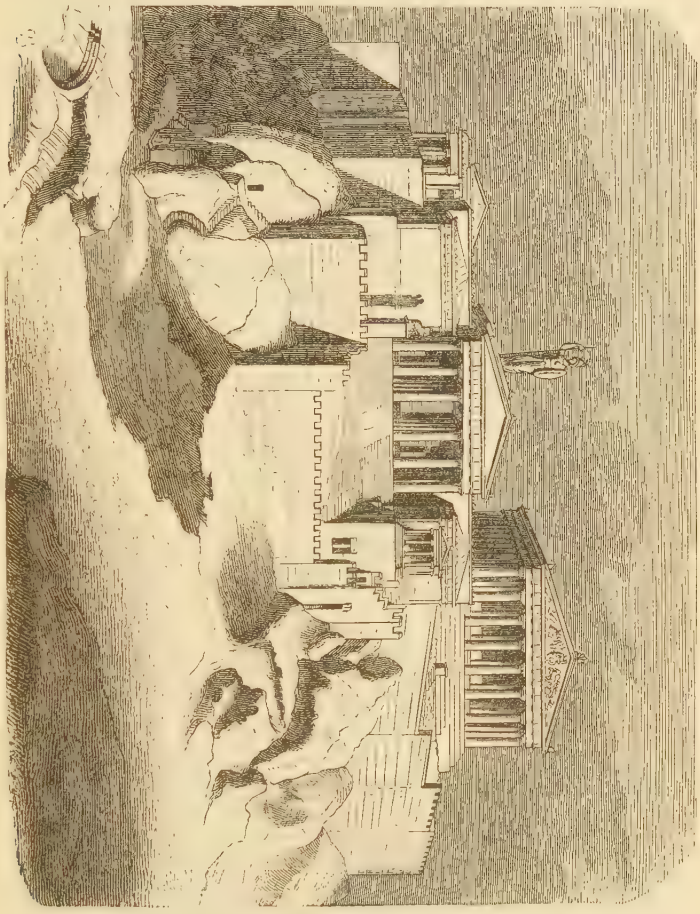
We were still some distance from our destination, when a well-filled landau approached us rapidly from the city. As it came up we recognized in it several of our friends whom we had parted from at Beyrout; and, with the warmth of old acquaintance, we hailed each other joyfully, exchanged hasty notes of interim travel, and in a few moments separated once more and finally, they to take steamer for Italy, homeward bound.

Arrived at our hotel, in the finest part of the modern city, we secured our room at once, and after a brief rest and a toilet,

made doubly refreshing by the European atmosphere and accompaniments of our quarters, sallied forth to hunt up our friends who had preceded us in their arrival, and who were still remaining in the city and guests at the same hotel. We soon found them, and in their company went out for a short walk before dinner. What a walk it was! Through the modern streets, thronged with gaily-dressed chattering crowds—all in conventional cosmopolitan garb, with the exception of an occasional figure in the voluminous white linen kilts and tight leggings, and tasselled cap, and bright-coloured jacket of the national costume. Around by the shoulder of the Acropolis, looking down as we passed into the Dionysian theatre, and out to the pillars of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and then up to a low rocky hummock, under the very shadow of the Parthenon, and between the Acropolis and the Pnyx. Before this low long rocky ridge we paused. "This is Mars' Hill," said our friends. Mars' Hill—Areopagus—how different the reality from our conceptions of the celebrated and sacred spot. We had thought of a *hill*, an eminence more or less lofty and marked, but this ridge of dark rock hardly deserved the name of hill. Nevertheless, this was Areopagus, and there before us, cut deep into its rocky side, an ancient flight of steps led to its flat summit—the place where Socrates met his judges and his unjust sentence—the place, above all, where Paul preached his famous sermon. And it was of Paul, not of Socrates, that our thoughts were full, as we climbed up the stairway and stood on the top of the hill. What a pulpit for the great preacher. Above him, right above, the steep scarp of the Acropolis, crowned with the white columns of Athenê, the great statue of the goddess, with shield and spear, looking down sternly on the daring intruder among her sacred precincts. Opposite, the long ridge of the Pnyx, with its rock-hewn *bema*. At some distance, on one side, the splendid Temple of Theseus, still in wonderfully perfect preservation; on the other side the Agora, and all around the crowding monuments and memories of the most famous city in the world, famous in art, in statecraft, in philosophy. And away beyond the Pnyx the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis, and above and over all, the brightest sky and clearest air in all the world. What a pulpit, and what an audience, and what a preacher, and what a sermon! Sitting down there that lovely Sunday afternoon, I took out my Testament and read the wonderful bit of apostolic history on the very spot where it occurred, and then passing round the book I asked my friends to write their autographs on its fly-leaf as a souvenir of the occasion. The Testament is before me as I write, with the inscription and names,

"Mars' Hill, Athens, May 8th, 1887. B. F. Byrom, Chas. L. Morgan, S. R. Macphail, Geo. J. Bond."

The next day, M. and I spent with our cameras photographing the choicest bits of landscape and some of the most interesting antiquities of the city. The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, with

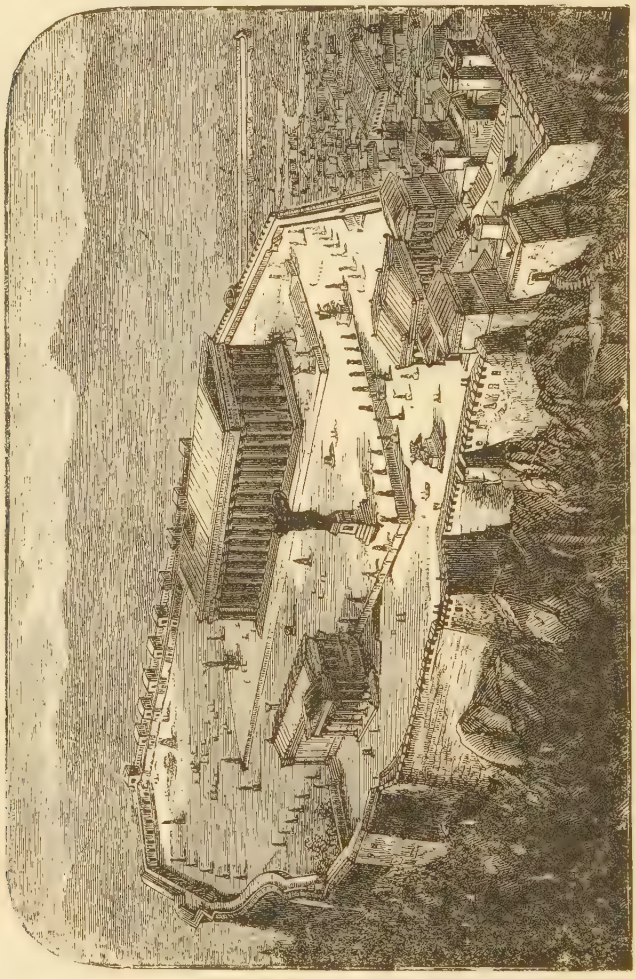


THE ACROPOLIS—THE PROPYLON (RESTORED)—FROM MARS' HILL.

the Acropolis as a background, the Choragic Pillar of Lysimachus, the beautiful * Temple of the Winds, the splendid Theseum, the Areopagus, the Bema, standing on which I was photographed by my friend, and on which I in turn photographed him, addressing, with arm upraised, the men of Athens. These and other similar scenes were given us by the sun that glorious day as souvenirs of

* The Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes.

Athens. At night we procured admission to the carefully-guarded summit of the Acropolis and wandered among the pillars of the Parthenon and its companion temples, as the moon rose over the summit of Hymettus, and threw its weird light on the ancient



THE ACROPOLIS (RESTORED).

and far-famed ruins, and then, wearied with the work of the day, gladly sought our beds. What a day it had been, full of memories of imperishable names, and scenes enfibred in the thought and heart of every reader of ancient history or classic poem.

We had studied the Acropolis and its marble crown from every point of view, we had looked long on the sunlit Bay of Salamis

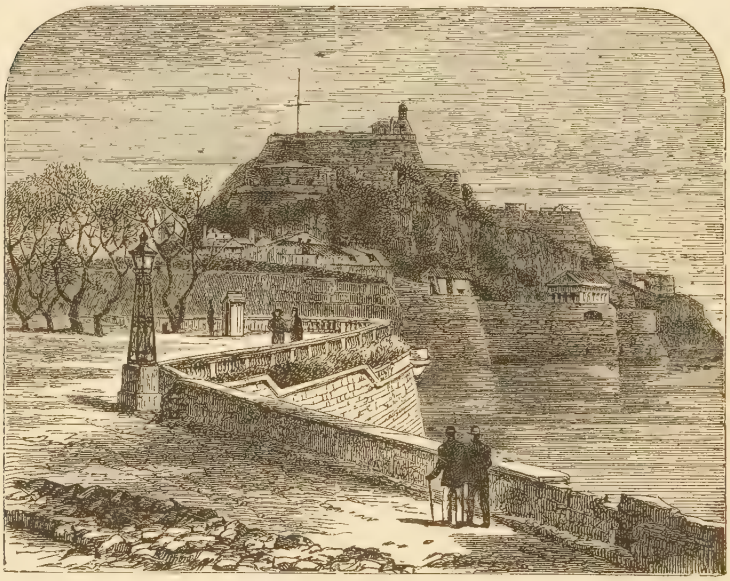
from the top of Mars' Hill. We had seen the splendid cone of Lycabettus rise high into the clear air from our vantage ground on the Pnyx, with Pentelicus—mother of marble—and Acropolis —mother of men—in the foreground of the picture. We had eaten honey from the bees of Hymettus, and dipped our feet in the waters of the Ilyssus. Truly it had been a remarkable day.

On the morrow, we spent the morning in exploring the museum, and in doing a little sight-seeing in the modern city, and early in the afternoon, took train for Corinth. The journey only occupies a few hours, and was noteworthy chiefly for a glance at Eleusis, as the train halted at the station by the site of that famed home of the ancient mysteries. Very quiet and lonely, under the afternoon sunshine, lay the valley that had so often resounded with weird music and fantastic chorus, as the initiates moved in stately procession or rhythmic dance, at the Eleusinian festivals.

As we crossed the Isthmus, we passed close to the cutting for a canal, where the modern navvies were accomplishing the work projected and partly executed so many centuries ago of making sea communication between the Saronic Gulf and the Gulf of Corinth. Arrived at the modern village which is built near the site of the ancient and far-famed city, we put up at the best hotel we could find, the best being a decidedly shabby and unpromising looking restaurant. Here we found some of our friends who had preceded us by a day, and planned for a tour next morning to the top of the Acro-Corinthus, whose bold heights arose some miles from the modern village. A charming drive of an hour or so along the winding shore of the bay, and then a little inland, brought us to the small hamlet which occupies the site of the ancient city. A half-dozen Doric columns, with a crumbling entablature, rose above the green sward at a few yards from the houses—the only bit of ancient architecture on the plain—while the splendid shoulders of Acro-Corinthus, its head crowned with a circlet of fortress walls, was sharply outlined against the blue sky, a mile away. A few Greeks in national costume, gave us a picturesque group for our pictures as we photographed crumbling column and frowning citadel, and then, guides and horses having been procured for the ascent, we started through the green fields in a winding path to the summit. Such mounts as we had, and such saddles! I have travelled far and seen much, but never before or since saw I such a turn-out. Imagine, kind reader, a country "saw-buck"—that cross-legged contrivance so indispensable to the domestic sawyer—and imagine this saw-buck placed across a pony's back, and furnished on each side with a dangling bight of rough rope for stirrups, and rendered somewhat less

abrasive of salient angles in the equestrian by a thick rug loosely thrown over it, and you have an idea of the equipment of the sad-looking and slow-paced quadrupeds that bore us toilsomely enough—to ourselves as well as to them—up the steep paths to the top of the hill. My friend M.'s horse, according to the driver, was named Pegasus! I hear my friend still, apostrophising that poetical, but very impracticable animal, "O Pegasé! O Pegasé!"

Leaving our horses some little distance from the summit, we climbed up the last steep bit and stood at length within the low ramparts at the highest point. What a view! Far down at our



CITADEL, CORFU.

feet the village and its solitary ruins, away further the winding shores of the Bay of Corinth, and all around a landscape of distant and lofty hills—the most classic hills in all the world. Parnassus, home of the Muses, softly outlined in blue haze across the bay; Helicon a little further east; southward the ranges of Arcadia; eastward the hills of Athens. Looking down upon the plain one thought of the scenes that had been enacted there—of the splendid but corrupt city whose very name had passed into a proverb of lust; of the commerce which brought to her port up the shining bay the commerce of the East and West; of the Isthmian Games she founded in honour of Neptune which grew into great national festivals; and finally, and indeed chiefly, of that tent-maker of

Tarsus who laboured here with his own hands for his daily bread at the trade he had learned when a boy, in order that he might preach the gospel of Christ to the crowds of Jews and Gentiles that thronged the busy streets. Here dwelt Aquila and Priscilla, with whom Paul lived and wrought; here he preached in the house of Justus, "contiguous to the synagogue;" here Crispus, "the ruler of the synagogue," accepted the truth and braved the opposition of his co-religionists; here for nearly two years the great apostle, in season and out of season, toiled and triumphed in the upbuilding of the Corinthian Church.

The morning was well advanced towards noon, when, at length, we turned to descend the hill, halting for a few minutes to drink from and photograph the Pierian Spring, whose cool waters are reached by a flight of steps a dozen feet or more beneath the surface of the ground. An hour in the saw-buck saddles, and another hour in the carriage, brought us once more to our hotel. The little Greek steamer in which we were to take passage for Brindisi had arrived, and was about to leave, and so, after a hasty luncheon, we embarked, and soon were steaming along the shores of Achaia, with a smooth sea and a brilliant sky. The *Pelops*—that was our steamer's name—was a ship of British build and equipment, but in everything else she was essentially Greek. The *cuisine* was certainly Greek to us, a most extraordinary and incomprehensible mixture of viands, and even this Greek was wanting in quantity before we arrived at our destination. But to continue. Next morning found us off Corfu, and as the steamer was to wait there some hours, we landed, and had a charming drive in the beautiful environs of the picturesque town, to a look-out point giving a fine panorama of sea and shore, with a lovely little island—the Island of Ulysses, a mile off-shore—with tall, dark cypress trees, mirrored perfectly in the clear still water from which it rose. On our way back, children ran after our carriage and sold us great bouquets of fresh orange-blossoms and other flowers, bright with dew, and exquisitely fragrant. Again embarking, we steamed out of the harbour, bidding farewell to the garden-like island, and carrying away the pleasant memories of an ideal day.

As I awoke next morning, I looked out of the porthole to find that we were entering Brindisi, and in another hour or so, having satisfactorily passed the custom-house, and safely landed ourselves and our baggage, we were once more among the comforts of Bagleoni's Hotel, our Eastern journey over, our faces sun-burnt, our clothes travel-worn, our eyes and mind sated with seeing, and our hearts glad in anticipations of home.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE TONGUE OF FIRE."

BY REV. JOHN LEE, A.M.

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

When Bishop Simpson, in introducing the fraternal delegates to the General Conference at Cincinnati in 1880, announced that he felt great pleasure in presenting to this body "Rev. William Arthur of the British Wesleyan Conference, who is known to the whole Christian world by his 'Heart of Flame' and 'Tongue of Fire,'" this announcement was received with loud and continued applause. Since then the voice of the eloquent bishop has been hushed in death, but the man with the "Tongue of Fire" still lives. Bishop Simpson, in 1881, crossed the ocean to preach the opening sermon before the Œcumenical Conference, in London, and Mr. Arthur, in 1891, crossed the ocean to preach the opening sermon before the Œcumenical Conference in Washington.

An English historian speaks of a people "who were of more value" to their native land "than Californian gold mines." From this people—the North of Ireland, or Scotch-Irish—sprang the

man with the "Heart of Flame." Kells, County Antrim, was his birthplace, and February 3rd, 1819, his natal day. When William was a boy his parents removed from the north-east to the west of Ireland. There amid the beautiful scenery of wild Mayo were spent the opening years of a great and noble life. At a Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school which he attended, his teacher, the rector, saw in him the indications of true greatness. Faithful preaching of the gospel, by Rev. John Holmes, a Methodist minister, led to the conversion of the youth concerning whom the Episcopal rector had said, "Ah, there is one lad there who is too wise a bird to be caught with Methodist chaff." This event changed the entire current of his life. He had already entered into business, and might have become, like the famous Irish Methodist, Sir William MacArthur—who rose to be Lord Mayor of London—one of the merchant princes of the world. From conversion to preaching is sometimes but a short step, and William Arthur soon took this step. In 1837 he became a candidate for the ministry, and immediately the piety, zeal, and eloquence of the youth of eighteen powerfully arrested attention. At Hoxton Theological Institution, from which he graduated, he gave unmistakable evidence of a brilliant future. From there he went to India, where he did valiant work for Christ until failing health compelled him to return to England. That almost fatal homeward voyage, in which Mr. Arthur, a fellow-passenger, one or two seamen, and the captain took to a boat in mid-ocean, was almost as full of stirring incidents as Paul's voyage to Rome. Among the advocates of missions, one of the most powerful of the century, was this storm-tossed voyager. His burning appeals for India's millions, like those of Alexander Duff, gave a new impetus to the missionary cause. While travelling from Edinburgh to London in July, 1890, with Alexander Duff—a grandson of the famous missionary—I thought of the royal reception extended to the great Scotchman by redeemed spirits from "India's coral strand" when he passed through the golden gates, and I also thought that a reception equally as royal from India's children awaited the great Irishman when by-and-by he should enter

> ". . those halls of Zion,
> All jubilant with song,
> And bright with many an angel
> And all the martyr throng."

A good man wherever he tarries, even if it be for a night, makes his influence felt. A prisoner spends two years in Rome, and "with all confidence" boldly raises his voice for Christ. An

invalid spends two years in gay Paris, and, when health permits, with zest he tells the story that is old, yet ever new. One of those years was 1848, the year of the French Revolution. Mr. Arthur's experience during this year is a chapter in his life never to be forgotten. He returned again to England the following year, spent two years on London circuits, was then elected one of the general secretaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, the duties of which he filled most efficiently for seventeen years. In 1866 he was elected president of the British Conference. From 1868 to 1871 he was the first principal and theological tutor of the Irish Methodist College in Belfast. After three years of Mr. Arthur's management, this institution became well established, so that he could return to England. He was then appointed Honorary Secretary of the Missionary Society. At the Conference of 1888, having travelled fifty years, he was made, at his own request, a supernumerary.

Rev. William Arthur is one of the most vigorous writers of the age. He has been engaged in widely diversified literary work. "A Mission to the Mysore" is a charming missionary record. "The Successful Merchant" and the "Life of Gideon Ouseley" are his principal biographical works. His works on Romanism, like those of Dr. Charles Elliott, are among the best in the English language. "Italy in Transition," was the first. Then came "The Modern Jove," to which Mr. Gladstone applies the language, "a searching review." "The Pope, the Kings and the People" is a monument of tireless research, a work that will live for ages, a book so readable that it holds the attention from the opening sentence to the closing paragraph, and of which Prof. Reusch, rector of the University of Bonn, says: "All narratives hitherto published of the history of the Vatican Council are in point of completeness and accuracy far surpassed by the two noble volumes of Arthur," and to which the London *Quarterly Review* in an article of more than sixty pages pays the glowing tribute: "It is, in our judgment, one of the most important contributions ever made to contemporary history."

"Shall the Loyal be Deserted and the Disloyal Set Over Them?" was pronounced by the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* "overwhelming," and distinctly revealed the workings of a clear head and the throbbings of a warm heart. "The Tongue of Fire" is the best known of all his works. It has had an extraordinary circulation, has been productive of precious spiritual results, a copy of which should be in every home. It has been translated into Welsh, French, Italian, German, Tamil, Kaffir, and Tongan.

The author of "The Tongue of Fire" is not only a powerful writer, but a most eloquent speaker. A glance at Mr. Arthur as a speaker will not be amiss. Fifty-four years ago, before he had emerged from his teens, when he was a candidate for the ministry, he preached one evening in Sligo, and those who heard that impassioned outburst of holy eloquence—an outburst that made sinners feel that heaven was not a dream nor hell a myth—realized that God had a mighty work in store for William Arthur. Eighteen years later in that great stronghold of Irish Protestantism, Belfast, he delivered a lecture on, "The duty of giving away a stated portion of our income," a subject that in the tremendousness of its real importance, in its wonderful bearing upon the future of Christianity, is *second to none.* It was a great occasion. Victoria Hall was crowded. The platform was filled with ministers of the various Protestant churches. Every inch of space in that large hall was occupied by as thoughtful and as intelligent a Christian laity as could be found in any city of the world. The chairman was the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. William Arthur on this occasion more than measured up to the expectations of his friends. Men went to their homes from Victoria Hall convinced that a great subject had taken possession of a great soul.

Who among those who were present at the General Conference of 1880, in Cincinnati, will ever forget William Arthur's thrilling description of the "two scenes" in the city of Rome? From that prayer-meeting of seven persons in that bed-room in the Hotel d'Angleterre in 1856, when "we spent nearly two hours in very earnest prayer," dreading the approach of the Pope's police, petitions swift and sure reached the ear of Him from whose upraised hand in September, 1870, the lifted thunder dropped. The second scene was enacted in 1878, when a deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, of which Mr. Arthur was a delegate, was welcomed to the city of the popes by fifty men of different Christian denominations, and among the ringing words of welcome were "We are going to give you a reception to-night in the Hotel d'Angleterre," and there in that identical hotel where, twenty years before, that memorable prayer-meeting was held, this delightful reception was given.

It is generally conceded that no Methodist minister in the British Isles has such a knowledge of public affairs, such an intimate acquaintance with public men as William Arthur.—*Epworth Herald.*

THE STORY OF THE DOMINION.*

ITS AREA, RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

BY J. J. MACLAREN, LL.D., Q.C.

II.

British North America has an area of 3,610,000 square miles, being slightly larger than the United States including Alaska, and only 200,000 square miles smaller than the whole continent of Europe. Of this all but the island of Newfoundland and the adjacent coast of Labrador is now comprised within the Dominion. It is difficult to realize that Canada is forty times as large as England, Wales and Scotland combined, and sixteen times as large as the whole German Empire. One of its provinces, Ontario alone, is larger than the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland added, by about 25,000 square miles. Canada has within its borders, or on its southern boundary, one-half of the fresh water of the globe. Its lakes and rivers, if joined together, would give an uninterrupted navigation for upwards of 30,000 miles. Its shores are washed by three oceans, with an unsurpassed succession of bays, inlets and harbours, and teeming with a wondrous wealth of fish.

Nor is this vast expanse of land the cold, inhospitable region that is generally supposed. No less than 586,000 square miles, or one-sixth of its area, is well timbered land or prairie, suitable for the growth of wheat—a larger wheat-growing area than is to be found in any other country in the world—while no less than 927,000 square miles in addition are fairly timbered and suitable for the growth of grasses and the hardier grains. The Dominion possesses all the climates of Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean, which might be expected, seeing that it extends from the latitude of Rome in Italy to that of the North Cape in Norway. If a map of this continent, with the isothermal lines, is examined, it will be seen how the lines which in the east traverse a portion of the United States, bend northward into the Territories of Canada, as on their way westward they approach the middle of the continent.

The steady movement of the centre of the wheat-producing area towards the north-west is one of the remarkable phenomena of this continent. Within the memory of men not much beyond

*A lecture delivered in the amphitheatre of the Chautauqua (N. Y.) Assembly.

middle life in this audience the Valley of the Genesee, in New York State, was the great wheat-producing locality, and Rochester was called the "Flour City," from the many mills driven by the water-power of the Falls of the Genesee. Gradually the wheat line has been moving westward; at first through Ohio, then across the prairies of Indiana and Illinois, until now it passes through Minnesota; and Minneapolis is the greatest milling point of the United States and of the world. And it is certain that the onward march to the north and west will be maintained. Already it has been demonstrated that in the Canadian Province of Manitoba and in the Northwest Territory there is an immense extent of land that produces a finer quality of hard wheat and in greater abundance than elsewhere upon the continent. In a very few years, if the course of settlement follows its present trend, the centre of the wheat-growing area will be north of the boundary line, and considerably west of its present position, as nature is not likely to take official notice of the international boundary, although it is the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Last year the yield of our Canadian Northwest amounted to fully twenty-five or thirty million bushels. It has been calculated that the C. P. R. will require ten trains a day for seven months to move this immense crop to the seaboard.

Several causes seem to combine to produce these wonderful results. In the first place the soil is of unexampled fertility and depth, and has in great abundance the elements necessary for the successful growth of wheat. In the next place the frost penetrates the ground to a great depth, and this being thawed out during the summer months, brings the necessary moisture to the roots of the wheat. The mean elevation above the sea level is much less than the rest of the continent, which materially increases the warmth, and finally, being so much farther north, the summer day is about two hours longer than in the southern wheat fields, and brings the grain to perfection in a wonderfully short time. With settlement and cultivation it is fairly well established that the summer frosts, the great enemy to be dreaded, will be of less frequent occurrence.

But as a grain growing country, Canada is not dependent upon its great Northwest alone. The old Province of Ontario is still able to more than hold its own with the most fertile states of the Union. I have before me a table of the average yield per acre of the four great staples of fall wheat, spring wheat, barley and oats, for eight years, from 1882 to 1889 inclusive, in Ontario, and the fourteen best grain-growing states. In fall wheat Ontario stands first, with 19.4 bushels per acre; next is Michigan, with

15.6; then Kansas with 14.9, and New York with 14.7, the others falling with a declining average down to 12. In spring wheat Ontario again leads, with 15.6 bushels, followed by Minnesota, with 14.7, and Dakota, with 13. In barley Ontario again stands first, with 26.2 bushels; Dakota next, with 24.8; then Wisconsin, with 23.3, and Minnesota, with 22.4. In oats Ontario still heads the list, with 35.3 bushels; Illinois being next, with 34.6; then Minnesota, with 33.1, and Iowa and Michigan, each with 32.6.

While no single year is a fair comparative test, a period of eight successive years is eminently just, and it is remarkable that in not one of these four leading cereals is there a single state of the Union that equals the Province of Ontario.

When nearly twenty years ago, in the *North American Review*, one of the leading economic writers of this continent, the Hon. David A. Wells, of Connecticut, paid the following glowing tribute to that Province, no doubt many of its readers were disposed to think his words were a mere exaggerated compliment. In one respect, that is as to its dimensions, he was far below the mark, as its northern and western boundaries were then in doubt, and they have since been fixed far beyond the limits previously assigned to them. His words were these:

"North of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, east of Lake Huron, south of the forty-fifth parallel, and included mainly within the Dominion Province of Ontario, there is as fair a country as exists on the North American continent; nearly as large in area as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined, and equal, if not superior, to those states as a whole in its agricultural capacity. It is the natural habitat on this continent of the combing-wool sheep, without a full, cheap and reliable supply of the wool of which species the great worsted manufacturing industries of the country cannot prosper, or, we should rather say, exist. It is the land where grows the finest barley. It raises and grazes the finest of cattle, with qualities especially desirable to make good the deterioration of stock in other sections, and its climatic conditions, created by an almost encirclement of the great lakes, especially fit it to grow men. Such a country is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race, better than bonanzas of silver or rivers whose sands contain gold."

As a grazing country the western part of our Territories is hardly surpassed, the mildness of the climate allowing cattle and horses to winter without shelter and thrive and fatten.

But it is not only as an agricultural country that Canada takes such a high place. Her fisheries on the Atlantic Coast have become well known through the diplomatic difficulties of which they have been the occasion; but her salmon fisheries of the Pacific Coast are said to be the finest in the world, while her rivers and lakes teem with fish of the finest quality. Timber

from the forests of New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia, not only go to supply other foreign markets, but also those of the United States, to take the place of the fast disappearing lumber of Maine and Michigan. Coal is found in great abundance in Nova Scotia, in close proximity to valuable iron ore, the only coal mines on the Atlantic Coast; while British Columbia has on Vancouver Island immense coal deposits of great richness, the only ones on the Pacific Coast. Between these two lie the great coal fields of the Northwest, covering no less than 97,000 square miles. The gypsum rocks of Nova Scotia are unsurpassed, while the lately discovered asbestos fields of Quebec promise an unlimited supply equal to the finest Italian or Corsican, and although opened only ten years ago, no less than 8,000 tons, worth over half a million dollars, were shipped last year to the United States. The immense phosphate deposits of Quebec are also of wonderful richness, and the great demand for them in Europe has opened up a valuable industry and trade. The wealth of the gold mines of British Columbia is well known, while the opening up of the interior of that province by the Canadian Pacific Railway has led to the discovery of very rich mines of gold and other metals, which are being rapidly developed. The recent discoveries of an apparently unlimited supply of valuable copper ore along the line of the same railway in Ontario, north of the great lakes, will also lead to important results.

But the metal which has recently excited the greatest interest is nickel. Experiments made last year led the Navy Department at Washington to believe that a compound of nickel and steel would be the best plating for the armour of vessels, having a much greater resisting power than steel itself. The supply of nickel, as far as known, was so limited that, although the compound was to have only five per cent. of nickel and ninety-five per cent. of steel, the authorities were in doubt whether even this small amount of nickel could be obtained. The secretary of the navy sent two experts to the recently discovered nickel mines near Sudbury, on the line of the C. P. R., north of Toronto, and their report was to the effect that there was in sight no less than 650,000,000 tons of rich nickel ore, more than enough to plate all the navies of the world for 1,000 years to come. Congress at its late session voted $1,000,000 to give nickel steel a trial, and I am informed that a company whose headquarters are at Cleveland, Ohio, has already shipped from its mine to the Government no less than 2,000 tons of copper mat, containing about twenty per cent. of pure nickel. Germany also has been directing her enquiries to the same spot, and Herr Krupp, the world renowned

cannon maker, has been procuring specimens for his experiments. The metal is no doubt destined to play even a more important part in the arts of peace, and especially in the coming time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks.

Such is a meagre and very imperfect sketch of the heritage of the Canadians. Will they be equal to the opportunities which Providence has dealt out to them with so lavish a hand? What progress have they already made in this direction, and how does their advance so far compare with that of their southern neighbours, whose phenomenal growth and prosperity have been the wonder and admiration of the world?

Let us compare their relative progress the first twenty-four years of each. The Dominion of Canada started in 1867, with less than three millions of people, just about the same number as the United States had when they declared their independence in 1776. In 1800, twenty-four years later, the United States had a population of 5,308,483, and the census of Canada, taken in April of last year, reached 4,829,411. I have spoken of her agriculture. She is already the fourth maritime country of the world. Her foreign trade last year was over $240,000,000, or $46 per head, while that of the United States was only $1,400,000,000, or less than $23 per head. She has constructed no less than 15,000 miles of railway, one-half of which has been completed within the last ten years, and now ranks in this respect as the sixth country in the world, having a greater mileage than Austria, double that of Spain, treble that of Brazil, and equal to that of the United States when their population was twenty-five millions. One of its lines, the Canadian Pacific, not only stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but with lines of steamships at either end, may be said to have one end at Liverpool and the other at Yokohama, in Japan.

Of late years some of her cities have been increasing with wonderful rapidity. Not to speak of western towns like Vancouver, in British Columbia, that is only six years old, and has a population of 15,000, or Winnipeg, ten years old, with over 25,000, the recent census shows that old steady-going eastern Montreal, with a population of over 260,000 in the city and immediate suburbs, has passed several cities of the Union that were larger in 1880, and now ranks as the eleventh city in North America. During the same time Toronto shows an increase from 96,196 to 181,220, being at the rate of eighty-nine per cent., a ratio greater than any city of its size in the United States, except Chicago. During the decade from 1880 to 1890 it has overtaken and passed such progressive cities as Albany, Providence, Rochester, Louisville and Jersey City.

What Canada needs is men to till her fertile acres, and men and money to develop her undeveloped resources. Until lately the great prizes to be gained in the United States have drawn thither in large numbers her more ambitious sons. The census of 1880 showed that there were then no less than 723,572 natives of Canada in the United States, and the census of 1890 will probably show that the number now exceeds a million. On the other hand by the Canadian census of 1881 there were then only 77,000 natives of the United States in Canada, and it is doubtful if there are now more than 100,000.

Within the last few years the opening of our Northwest has drawn thither many of our enterprising young men, and it is reported that considerable numbers of those who had settled in Minnesota and Dakota are now moving northward to these fruitful Canadian lands.

Canada no doubt owes a considerable part of her prosperity in the past to the fact that she has been the most temperate of Anglo-Saxon countries. While in England the quantity of intoxicating liquor consumed per annum is over thirty gallons per head, and in the United States fifteen gallons, Canada consumes less than five gallons per head; a large portion of her territory being under local prohibition, and there being a very fair prospect for national prohibition in the near future.

She has also in nearly all the provinces a system of free national education, that of Ontario being by many considered one of the best in the world.

According to the census of 1881, thirty per cent. of the population was of French origin. The proportion is now probably slightly less, on account of the immigration into the Northwest, and the emigration of French Canadians to the United States. The Jesuit Father Hamon has recently published a book in which he says that there are over 300,000 French Canadians in the New England States alone, and they indulge in the dream of capturing that land for their language and their Church.

And what of the future of Canada? This paper is entitled The *Story* of the Dominion, and I will not turn it into a *prophecy*. Canada has now a population of nearly five millions, a population as great as that of England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and with a country capable of sustaining at least 100,000,000. As I have said, she has become practically independent; she has acquired her freedom by a process of political evolution, a method preferable to the revolution of her elder sister. She pays not a dollar of tribute to the mother country, but enjoys without cost the protection of the British army and navy, and the

benefits of the diplomatic service. At present she is intensely loyal to England, and much more demonstrative in her loyalty to the throne than even the people of England itself. She is too well satisfied with her present position to give even a thought to change. The theorist may say that the present position cannot last; but the practical Canadian sees no necessity for troubling himself about it. Will the future bring a change, and, if so, what will it be? Will it be union with the United States, or independence, or imperial federation, or that still brighter dream, federation of the English-speaking people of the world?

There are some who think that the material interests of Canada will drive her to seek a union with her southern neighbours. To such I commend the opening words of Senator Hoar in the paper from which I have already quoted. He says:

"The history of the relations between Canada and the United States, from a time preceding the War of Independence until to-day, affords a remarkable instance how little the relations of communities with each other are determined by their interests, or by mere reason. The desire of our statesmen at the time of the revolution that Canada should join with us in throwing off the yoke of Great Britain, and that she should become a part of our confederacy, is well known. Undoubtedly a like desire has possessed the great body of the American people ever since. It would have seemed that everything in the condition and interest of Canada would have promoted the accomplishment of this desire. Along her whole border, now extending for more than 4,000 miles, the physical conditions are such as tend to union rather than to separation. Nature seems to have designed her several provinces for union with the United States, if not for separation from each other. Canada had been brought under the authority of England but twelve years before our revolution, by conquest. Her people were descended from England's hereditary rival and foe. Language, interest, religion, history, tradition, the memories of wars going back to the earliest days of the civilization of the two countries, would seem to have made it impossible that the French Catholics of England's North American province would ever abide content under the British yoke. Yet England never had a colony so obedient and so tranquil.

"It is idle to speculate as to the destiny of Canada. The writer has never been one of those who believe that material interest will in the near future bring the people of Canada into a political union with the United States. While the strength of the interests which so incline her is very great, yet they do not seem greater in proportion to the resisting power than they have been always in the past. Under her constitution, as has already been shown, annexation to this country can hardly be accomplished without the consent of Great Britain, or without a violent revolution. A conquest of Canada by the United States would be as repugnant to us as to her. She already feels stirring in her veins the spirit of her rising nationality. Her people are coming to feel proud of the extent of her domain, of her vast material resources. They are forgetting the language of the province, and are learning to speak the language of the empire. She already

'Rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon her baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.'

"We will not undertake to foretell whether the destiny of Canada is to remain, as now, the most important dependency of the British Empire, self-governing in everything but name; or whether she is to form part of a great confederation of all the English-speaking people on the globe; or whether she is to declare her independence, and repeat, with such changes as experience shall suggest to her, our own history; or whether she is to come to us, and share the advantages of our Constitution, and develop the resources of the North American continent in a great partnership with us; or whether, after some fashion that the imagination cannot now suggest, there are to rise on her soil in the future

'Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New majesties of mighty states.'

But whatever may be her fate, it will be one to which the people of the United States cannot be indifferent."

As a Canadian who loves and has confidence in his country, I desire to express my grateful appreciation of the generous language of the honoured Senator. I trust the words of the poet are not inapplicable to our country and its people, when he speaks of

"A land that's rich in heart, in home, in hope, in liberty;
An infant empire rising in the West,
Rocked by three oceans; an infant race, a virgin soil, a
freedom-loving land;
A race that guard it with an iron hand."

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown,
The traveller hastens toward the town;
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea in the darkness calls and calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands;
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks, the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore;
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE MASSES.

BY HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

"When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them."—MATT. ix. 36.

OUR subject this afternoon is "Jesus Christ and the Masses: what He thought of the Masses of the People." Jesus Christ was essentially a man of the people—a working man. He spent all His days among the poor; and after His public life began, He almost lived in the crowd. He was constantly surrounded by the crowd. Nothing is more characteristic of Jesus Christ than the familiar saying that "The common people heard Him gladly." Therefore when we come across anybody whom the common people do not hear gladly, he may be a very estimable man, but we know that he is not like Jesus Christ. I was very much struck by a remark I heard in Scotland about an undoubted Christian. Some one said of him: "He is a very good man, but he does not remind me of Jesus Christ." How many good men there are who are really very good men, but who do not remind us of Jesus! No man can really remind us of the Jesus of the Gospel unless he loves the people, and is loved by the people. I admit the truth of Tennyson's awful impeachment that "the Churches have killed their Christ," and that we have presented to the masses of the European people all sorts of false Christs, caricatures of Christ. But the real Christ is one who, when seen, attracts the crowd everywhere. Wherever Jesus went He was surrounded by the multitude.

It is only within the last few years that I have noticed the beautiful and significant fact that in nearly every instance in which we find Jesus Christ face to face with the multitude, the Evangelist tells us that He was "moved with compassion." When Jesus Christ saw a crowd His heart yearned over them. He pitied them. When you saw the crowd on Lord Mayor's Day, what was your feeling? When you saw the crowd on Jubilee Day, what was your feeling? If Christ had been at the window of some house in Trafalgar Square, His feeling would have been one of pity. When Jesus Christ saw a great crowd, He was moved with compassion. Mark it well—not with hatred; not with fear. It is the invariable tendency of heathenism, both ancient and modern, to hate and to fear the people. Horace was a fine old Roman gentleman, and a worthy representative of many a fine English gentleman of the present day. Not a few of those who are found in

the West-end clubs of this very city would feel very much at home in the society of Horace. His views and theirs are remarkably alike. Horace honestly enough begins one of his best known odes with these words: "I hate the vulgar crowd, and keep them at a distance."

The best excuse we can offer for politicians of all classes, and of all sections and positions in society, who either hate or fear the masses of the people, is that they do not know the people. One of the greatest calamities of the existing social condition of this country is that between us—who I suppose all belong to the privileged and fortunate classes—and the masses of the suffering poor there is too often a great gulf fixed. We know very little of them, and they know very little of us. As one has well said: "Beneath the sea there is another sea." You may be a large employer of labour, but what do you know about the men and women you employ? Between you and them there exists too frequently only what Carlyle, in his grim, vivid way, calls a "cash-nexus." They come on Friday or Saturday for their wages. They get so much money for so many hours' work, paid through a hole in the office window. If you do not want them any longer, you give them notice to quit; and, in the same way, if they do not wish to remain with you they give you notice.

That is the beginning and that is the end of too much of the existing social relation between Capital and Labour.

And as regards the different sections of English society, in some respects the situation is getting worse and worse; for the strong tendency to-day is for those who are in a better social position to leave the crowded centres and go and live in pleasant suburban villas, where they can have a garden. I do not blame them. It is more healthy. It is an advantage to their wives and children, but it is a very calamitous thing. In London at this moment the poorer districts are growing poorer and poorer, and those who ought to mingle with the less privileged are several miles off. The Bible says: "*The rich and the poor meet together*"; but they do so no longer. As one has wittily said, in the present day we put the yeast into one pan and the dough into another, and then expect the dough to rise. I am profoundly convinced that this must be altered, and Christians of the privileged class must, in the spirit of Christ, come back from the suburbs and live among the masses of the people. There is one Christ-like man in the East-end—Mr. Barnett, the Vicar of Whitechapel—who is promoting this. He told me some time ago that several gentlemen of position, who could choose their own residences in wealthy quarters, have, in the most Christ-like spirit, resolved to go down

to Whitechapel, to live among the poor. I heard the other day of a shrewd solicitor in Bristol, who came to the conclusion that he was demoralizing his own children by living in Clifton, where they had nothing to do, nothing to resist their natural selfishness, nothing to draw out real sympathy with their less privileged fellow-citizens; and positively for the sake of his own sons and daughters he went back to live in the very centre of crowded Bristol, that they might be taught to be unselfish and Christ-like. And it may be the duty of some of you who hear me now to come back from your suburban residences to live here with us in the midst of the people and to promote their happiness.

I am quite sure the suspicion and dread which rise in many minds with respect to the masses of the people would disappear if we knew them better. Victor Hugo is right when he says: "Mix with the people and love them, and you will love them." Do not be afraid of the roaring and advancing tide of democracy. Rush into the midst of it, take a header into it—to use the phrase Mr. Spurgeon employed in this place the other day. Mix freely with the people. It will help to purify you of your innate selfishness, and you will come out of the crowd glowing with the enthusiasm of humanity. This at any rate is true: when Jesus Christ saw the crowd He had compassion on them. When He looked at Jerusalem He wept over it. Why? Why did the masses of the people excite in the heart of Jesus Christ not hatred, not fear, but deep pity? St. Matthew tells us that when He saw the multitude He was moved with compassion because they were "distressed and scattered"; or, as it is rendered by other scholars, because they were "harassed and neglected."

And that is more true to-day than it was then. The masses of the people even in London are harassed and neglected. They are harassed by the dogs of hell, who take advantage of their poverty and of their helplessness. Oh, the anguish of the starving poor! It seems to them as though every man's hand was against them. While they are worried, badgered, and harassed by those whom they too frequently meet, they are neglected by you—the wise and the good! Oh, how ignorant they are! how helpless! how miserable! and how often may they truly say in the bitterness of their hearts: "No man careth for our souls"! It is almost impossible for some of us, even by the most desperate effort of the imagination, to enter into the feelings of the suffering and starving poor. I shall never forget the revealing word which my friend, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, uttered to me two years ago. Looking at me as I sat on the other side of his fire-place at Brixton, he said: "Why, you don't know what hunger is. You

have never been hungry in your life"; and as I reflected I felt it was true. I had been what we call hungry, but the hunger of the starving poor, who go for days without bread, I had never felt; and I should like to know how many persons there are in this hall to-day who have ever experienced the gnawings of an unendurable hunger. Alas! alas! that in this great London there should be so many thousands whose whole life is absorbed in a desperate attempt to keep their heads just above water. Oh, the sufferings of the respectable poor, of those of whom you never hear!

I am reminded at this moment of a terrible instance which came under my notice some time ago. A girl who had been a superior servant in a gentleman's house, and had enjoyed comfort and even luxury there, married an artisan in every way worthy of her. In the terrible depression of trade and prolonged distress he was for many months out of work, and gradually all their savings disappeared. They owed many pounds to their landlady, their butcher, and their baker. Nearly all their clothes were pawned, and they shivered in the winter cold. At last came the day when the baker called and said he could not afford to give them any more bread on trust. I know not for how many weeks they owed him then, and it was to his credit that he had given them so much. Yet for the three weeks which preceded that day the whole family had nothing but bread and water. And, oh, my God! that young woman was expecting to be a mother every day, and she knew not what to do. In the most extraordinary manner, doubtless by the intervention of God, my wife was directed to her house, and the case was relieved. But think of the anguish of that poor woman with her starving children! When we saw the man he was half-starved; and he had wandered miles every day looking for work. Who could enter into the feelings of that poor woman in her time of anguish? She had suffered through no fault of her own; neither was her husband a drunkard. Here was the case of a man seeing his wife and children dying under his eyes. Some people will say, "Why did they not go to the workhouse?" What! Break up their home and have upon them the brand of the pauper?

And what shall we say of these poor girls in London, who are making a living—or, as Miss Rye rightly names it, "a starving" —by earning five shillings a week, and that at the cost of stitching for twelve or fourteen hours every day? I entirely agree with the opinion expressed by my friend, Mark Guy Pearse, this morning, when he said that if this was Christianity, the sooner we get rid of Christianity the better. We may attend prayer-

meetings and sing psalms until we are black in the face, but if we do not deal with such social evils we are neglecting our duty. We have too long overlooked the misery of the suffering and starving poor. Who can enter into the feelings of some poor orphan girl of the class to which I have referred? There was, some time ago, in *The Spectator*, a little poem, which attempts to describe the condition of such a girl. Let me read it to you:

"Left there, nobody's daughter,
Child of disgrace and shame,
Nobody ever taught her
A mother's sweet saving name:

Nobody ever caring
Whether she stood or fell,
And men (are they men?) ensnaring
With the arts and the gold of hell!

Stitching with ceaseless labour
To earn her pitiful bread;
Begging a crust of a neighbour
And getting a curse instead!

All through the long, hot summer,
All through the cold, dark time,
With fingers that grow numb and number
Grow, white as the frost's white rime.

Nobody ever conceiving
The throb of that warm young life,
Nobody ever believing
The strain of that terrible strife!

Nobody kind words pouring
In that orphan heart's sad ear;
But all of us all ignoring
What lies at our door so near!

O sister! down in the alley,
Pale with downcast eye,
Dark and drear is the valley,
But the stars shine forth on high.

Nobody here may love thee,
Or care if thou stand or fall;
But the great, good God above thee,
He watches and cares for all."

And we may add that the man who professes to be a child of that God, but does not "care for all," is deceiving his own soul. He is not the brother of Jesus Christ, who

> ". . . into His heart, with large embrace, has taken,
> The universal sorrow of mankind."

So much depends upon occupying Christ's standpoint. If you are at the standpoint of some doctrinaire political economist, or of some thoughtless writer who has never known what hunger means, you may pour forth column after column of heartless folly. But if you know the suffering of the poor as Christ knows it, you will pity them. Have you ever thought of the tender and charitable meaning of that oft-quoted passage in the book of the prophet Isaiah, where God puts this confession into our lips: "All we like sheep have gone astray?" Like sheep, not like wolves. We are accused of ignorance, of stupidity, of heedlessness, rather than of *malice prepense,* or of downright and deliberate wickedness. There is a good deal more of the sheep than of the

wolf in sinners; especially in those who, humanly speaking, have never had a chance; who have been the victims from the very first of unfavourable circumstances; who, in the terrible language of Charles Kingsley, have been "damned from their birth." And, my dear friend, do not flatter yourself too much if you are better than they.

You might have been in their position. That was a wise saying of good John Newton's when he saw a handcuffed man walking along in charge of a constable: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Newton." If I had to watch my wife and children starving under my eyes, I do not know what I should say in Trafalgar Square. Let us not take too much credit to ourselves for the position we occupy. We owe a great deal more to our circumstances, to our social privileges and safeguards, than we sometimes imagine. The teaching of this Book commends itself to every good man's reason.

We—society at large—must take a big share of the blame for the sin and folly of those who break the law. There was a good old Saxon rule in this country many years ago: when anybody did something wrong in a parish, every parishioner was fined for it—a most excellent rule, founded upon profound reasons. I should like to have it reinforced. As Mark Guy Pearse said this morning, how can you expect virtue and morality from people living in one room? Have you done your best to put the right men in the Vestry and on the Board of Guardians? All our hearts were moved to-day when Mr. Pearse gave us a touching description of the awful circumstances of thousands of people in London who have to herd together in one room, where common decency is impossible. It can never be "a home." The Vestries will not move in these matters. Too many vestrymen are elected to represent selfish interests. Not a few Christians think that if they attend prayer-meetings they are doing their duty. But let me remind you that you are partially responsible for every unsanitary dwelling in the place where you live. A part of true religion consists in securing laws which will absolutely prohibit such buildings; and in electing to position of authority men who will not permit them to remain a dead letter.

There are only two alternatives before us to-day—Christianity or revolution. What can we do? A thousand things. If you will come here on Sunday afternoons, I will tell you a few of those things in plain English. At any rate, let us do this one thing. *Let us place ourselves at the right point of view.* Let us look at the masses of the people through the compassionate eyes of Jesus Christ. I felt humiliated a few years ago when I

read that it was the duty of every Buddhist priest in Asia to spend some time each day in contemplating the misery of mankind, in order that his sympathy might be aroused. It occurred to me that I should do well to imitate the Buddhist priest in that. Let us reserve some sacred moments every day to contemplate through Christ's compassionate eyes, the sin and the misery of mankind. When our hearts are moved we shall soon discover some method, great or small, of relieving that misery and that sin. Then assuredly, as we were reminded by the Lesson, an hour will come when the voice of Christ will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the homeless poor in Trafalgar Square, or unto one of the down-trodden harlots in Piccadilly, ye did it unto Me."

CHILDREN OF A KING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

They come from the uttermost parts of the earth, we meet them in every land,
A mighty and glorious company, a holy and happy band;
They walk in the crowded city, by the lonely mountain-side,
They are known in the trackless desert, and borne on the ocean-tide.

And a few are "born in the purple," their clothing is rich and rare,
But many are poor, and their garments have never been costly or fair;
And some of them live in luxury in palace or stately hall,
And some of them dwell under lowly roofs, and some have no home at all.

But in all who are called by the name of the King a kingly likeness grows,
Be they high or low, or rich or poor, ever the kinship shows;
For the love that flows from a Father's heart is shining in every face,
And the Saviour-Brother teaches them His tender and winning ways.

There are wandering sons of the heavenly King, who, lost in the darkness roam,
Who never have known the Father's love, and hardly have dreamed of home;
Who have turned away with blinded eyes when the Saviour-Son passed by,
And closed their ears to His whispered word, and never heeded His cry.

But when sorrow and danger come to them, the children of the King
Draw near to their stranger Brother, and succour and comfort bring,
And soon by love, which of higher love is only a feeble part,
The wanderers yield to the message which tells of a Father's heart.

O sons and daughters of God the King, let this be your highest aim,
Always to tell His wondrous love, and the meaning and might of His name;
Let the zeal He has kindled in every breast ever mount higher and higher,
Let Him make your weakness strong, and touch your stammering lips with fire.

So day by day on the upward path, made bright by His watchful care,
With souls that moan in the darkness, your gladness and hope you may share;
And many shall swell the gathering hosts as onward they march and sing,
And the angels of heaven join in the shout of the children of a King.

Victoria, B. C.

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

PATRIOT, PHILANTHROPIST AND PUBLICIST.

BY REV. A. C. COURTICE, B.D.

Samuel G. Howe was one of a group of remarkable men to be found about Boston and its neighbourhood, growing up and maturing and passing away during this century. If I mention Channing and Emerson, Webster and Everett, Longfellow and Lowell, Theodore Parker and Horace Mann, Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, it will be sufficient to suggest my meaning. These all have shed lustre on New England, and Dr. S. G. Howe deserves a place among them.

His biographer says: "He was neither saint, nor poet, nor orator, nor great lawyer, nor eminent scientist, nor artist, nor seer, nor persistent champion of a single great cause." What was he then? I have chosen to say, patriot, philanthropist and publicist. He commenced life nearly with this century, being born in November, 1801. His parents were of the sturdy middle class, Joseph Howe and Patty Gridley. From his mother he inherited his beauty of person, his love of adventure, and his courage in war. His father was a rope-maker, a just and frugal man, with strong Democratic opinions, and on account of this political leaning, his son Sam was not sent to Harvard College, but to the Grammar School first "that his life might be rooted in the common ground with his fellow-citizens," and then to Brown University. The father adopted a somewhat novel way of deciding which of his sons should go to college. He called them up in rotation, and bade them read from the old family Bible—the one who read the best was to go to college. The decision quickly fell on young Sam, and at the age of sixteen he entered Brown University, the same year as Ralph Waldo Emerson entered Harvard. Neither of them distinguished himself greatly in college however, and both graduated in 1821.

At twenty years of age young Howe come out of college with frank and genial manners and full of mirth, with a quick, versatile, practical, inventive mind, with a fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, and French, and with a record which spoke of an insatiable fondness for fun and frolic, for jokes, pranks, and penalties.

A humorous incident was the outcome of these youthful adventures. When Howe was in Providence, years later, attending an annual commencement, he thought that he would call on his

old President, Dr. Messer, and apologize for his waywardness. The instructor of his youth received him with evident marks of distrust. Howe had just commenced an apology, when the Doctor moved his chair back a little and said, "Howe, I am afraid of you now. I am afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

After leaving college he spent three years with Dr. Ingalls, as a medical student, and in 1824 he graduated at Harvard as an M.D. His disposition was too romantic to settle down to the routine of a doctor's life among his patients, therefore I have to ask you to look upon him as a patriot. His life was cotemporaneous with great struggles of different peoples for national freedom and national unity. The early part of this century was an age of patriots, and an era of patriotic movements. The leading Italian patriots were born during its first ten years. Mazzini roused the people of Italy, Garibaldi led them to brilliant victories, Cavour skilfully wrought out the plans by which these movements were made useful to Italian nationality, and Victor Emanuel stood forth the worthy sovereign for the united people, while Pius IX. alternately blessed and cursed the national cause. Germany also has wrought out the cause of national unity during this century.

In still another country was the struggle for national freedom going on, viz., in the land of Leonidas. Greece had turned on her oppressor, the Turk, and was struggling for independence. "The Greek youths had been studying in German universities, and had there learned the glories of their ancestry and caught from Gothic lips the old Hellenic fire." Young Dr. Samuel Howe, in 1824, offered his services to the patriot army. He was accepted by Mavrocordato and made surgeon of the army and surgeon-in-chief of the Greek fleet. He served the cause very faithfully by land and sea for six years, amid perils and privations, never engaging either in the dissipation, or the greed, or the empty military ambition of so many foreigners in Greece. He entered the campaign in its darkest days. He says that in the winter immediately after he landed, Navarino was captured by the Turks, and everything was thrown into confusion.

"All regular opposition of the Greeks was overcome. The Turks advanced fiercely and rapidly up the Peloponnesus. I joined one of the small guerilla bands that hung about the enemy doing all the harm they could. I could be of little or no use as a surgeon, and was expected to divide my attention between killing Turks, helping Greeks, and taking care of my own bacon. I was naturally very hardy and active and soon became equal to any of the mountain soldiery in enduring fatigue and hunger. I could carry my gun and heavy belt all day, could eat sorrel and snails or go without anything and lay down on the ground with only my shaggy capote and sleep like a log."

Dr. Howe's most characteristic exploits in the interest of the Greeks were two: In 1827–28 he visited New England and New York to plead for the starving patriots. The result was an offer of much clothing and over $60,000. These American contributions went directly to the people under Dr. Howe's supervision. They were distributed through the agency of small vessels and depôts and their effect was very great, not only by relieving hunger and cold, but also by inspiring courage and hope.

The other characteristic work was the opening up of a colony near Corinth. He obtained from the Greek Government a grant of a large tract of land on the Isthmus of Corinth, free from taxes for five years, and there founded a colony for exiles and laid the foundation for a flourishing village. He secured seed and cattle and tools, and the colonists ploughed and prepared the earth and put up cottages, a school-house and a church.

Dr. Howe says: "This was, perhaps, the happiest part of my life; I was alone among my colonists, who were all Greeks. They knew that I wanted to help them and they let me have my own way. I was governor, legislator, clerk and constable, and everything but patriarch."

These were his characteristic works in Greece. He engaged in a similar adventure just after leaving Greece, which should be recorded among his early exploits.

In the winter of 1831–32 he was in Paris, and was a member of the American Polish Committee, and was entrusted by them with the work of visiting Prussian Poland and carrying money for food and clothing to the Polish refugees. It was a delicate and risky adventure but was well done, to the great relief of the Polish patriots and to the great annoyance of the Prussian Government. The result to Dr. Howe was peculiar and painful. By the orders of the Prussian Government he was secretly arrested and imprisoned upon his return to Berlin. He was thrown into a cell, and without charge or trial was left there to suffer for six weeks. During this imprisonment he paid the gaoler for his board, and, it is whispered, won the favour of the gaoler's daughter. Years after, the king of Prussia gave him a gold medal for his philanthropic achievements in teaching the blind. He weighed it and found that its value in money was equal to the sum which he paid the Prussian Governor for his prison board and lodging in 1832.

As we review this period of his life we can truly use these verses of Whittier's "Hero:"

> "Wherever outraged nature
> Asks word or action brave,
> Wherever struggles labour,

Wherever groans a slave,
Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer to his own."

After eight years of labour in the cause of national freedom in other lands where he has won his spurs and proved his knighthood, Howe returned to New England to give twenty years of struggle to similar causes at home. Let Whittier introduce him to us in this new sphere.

"Would'st know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind;
Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labour
And the childhood's heart of play."

I must ask you now to look at Dr. Howe as a philanthropist. Edward Everet Hale has said of him: "This is the man who redeemed that word philanthropy from the scorn which was falling on it and which I have half a right to say it deserved."

The impression which that word philanthropist gives even now, in half of the civilized world, is of a person with long hair, who talks of something of which he knows nothing. But Dr. Howe, "who made himself of no reputation and took on him the form of a servant," has redeemed that word of words from such base sneers, and placed it where it belongs. He is the man who built the Massachusetts School and Asylum for the Blind, the pioneer of such establishments in America and one of the most illustrious of its class in the world.

This work commenced about 1832–33. That period was a remarkable one in Boston. Mr. Lloyd Garrison was beginning his noble work in the anti-slavery campaign, though so humbly, that the police of Boston decided there was nothing dangerous in it, as his only visible auxiliary was a negro boy. Dr. Channing, the great Unitarian divine, with winsome eloquence was loudly calling for the reform of the drunkard, the elevation of the poor, the instruction of the ignorant, and the liberation of the slave. Horace Mann with his co-adjutors began the great movement to improve the education of the people. The brilliant genius of Emerson shone out like the morning star, amid all this dawning light.

Dr. Howe lived in the midst of all this philanthropic and educational work with his own share of the toil and glory. He commenced his work in the simplest surroundings, secured a small

wooden house on Pleasant Street and gathered up a half-dozen blind pupils. He invented and executed some books with raised letters, using gummed twine fastened to cardboard. After a few months of labour he brought out his class for exhibition in order to interest the people and get more money and better accommodation. The many exhibitions given created a *furore* of enthusiasm, and a Col. Perkins who had a great heart, responded to the moving appeal. He offered his fine estate on Pearl Street, a large house and grounds, if the citizens of Boston would raise $50,000. The ladies planned and held the first fancy fair ever known in Boston, and realized $11,000. In six weeks the whole sum was raised and the trustees assumed the property and Dr. Howe continued in charge.

The general result of this can be described in a few words. Dr. Howe was called out through the State of Massachusetts and other States to explain his work. He addressed seventeen Legislatures to induce them to provide for the education of the blind. Great success attended the movement everywhere. The whole better education of the blind and idiotic in the United States grew out of these enthusiastic labours. It is easy to outline these general results, but the detailed results to the individuals that were benefited, and to the homes that were blessed and brightened, and to the parents that were gladdened, no tongue can tell.

To give you a more specific idea of these benefits, I should tell you the story of Laura Bridgman—the most illustrious of his pupils. In July, 1837, Dr. Howe found her at the age of seven and a half years in her father's farm-house in New Hampshire. She suffered under an accumulation of disasters, the loss of sight, of hearing, of speech, and of smell. Blindness and deafness had rarely been found together, and never relieved to any appreciable extent. The mind within the child was almost unknown as it was pent up behind the three-barred gate of her defective frame.

Dr. Howe courageously made the attack on this silent citadel. There were many steps in the process. First—An article and a label were given her together like a key, and the word *key* all fixed on a tablet. She became familiar with this by touch. Second—The article and the label were separated and she was to join them appropriately. Third—The letters of the label were separated and with the article were given to her, and she was to pick out the letters and make the label. Thus far the process was mechanical, like teaching a dog a number of tricks.

After the blind child in mute amazement had imitated the teacher for a while, it presently began to dawn on her that she could make up a sign for anything in her own mind. Her intellect began to work, and her countenance lighted up with a human

expression. It was no longer the dog or parrot, but the immortal spirit eagerly seizing on new links with other spirits.

Fourth—Metal types were secured with square bases, thus easily set in sockets. Fifth—She was taught to express the letters by the position of her fingers, thus gaining the dumb alphabet. Sixth—She was taught to write. One hand was guided to make in written form whatever letter the other hand indicated in the dumb alphabet. Seventh—The combination of words so as to express thought. In this manner this lovely girl, who knew no beautiful sights or pleasing sounds or sweet odours, was made to reason and reflect, and know the delights of thought, and the hope of immortality.

Dr. Howe endeavoured by the analogy of the germination and growth of plants to give her a consoling hope of resurrection to counterbalance her instinctive dread of death. This was the case that stirred the sympathy and drew forth the admiration of Charles Dickens.

Dr. Howe's philanthropy was very broad. He favoured the temperance reform and wrote much on the harm done to the individual and the human race by the use of alcoholic liquors. He was interested in the "Seaman's Bethel," for he loved the jolly tars. He devoted much time to prisoner's aid, prison discipline, and prison reform.

Discussing these questions on one occasion, he made the following reference to his own experience:

> "I have been a prisoner, sir; I have known what a weary length of time is a day passed in a gloomy cell, what an age is a week endured in close confinement, what an eternity is a month dragged out in a lonely cell, where, though it is not dark, I could see no sun, moon or stars. Sir, I trust that when I escaped from that prison, I was, at least, no worse a man than when I entered it; but I shudder to think what might have become of me if I had been forced to work, eat, march and associate for five or ten years with other prisoners. Sir, the hunger and thirst of a soul for sympathy and communion is almost as dreadful as that of a body for food."

In 1841 he fell in love with Miss Julia Ward, of New York, and was married in 1843. We enter now on the third period of Dr. Howe's life. He gave a strong hand to his own country in her public affairs in the anti-slavery campaign. In 1846 he entered vigorously into labours for the cause of freedom. The cruel experiences of the slave refugees under the Fugitive Act, did much to rouse the North to a sense of the greed and inhumanity of the slave holders. He gave a powerful address in Boston on a case of recapture, which caused much stir and indignation there. A hunted slave was carried back from the free port of Boston to

a Louisiana plantation, and the best citizens were incensed. Howe closed his address with these words:

"The true reason, sir, is that this 'peculiar institution,' which has been so long brooding over the country like an *incubus*, has at last spread abroad her murky wings, and has covered us with her benumbing shadow. It has silenced the pulpit; it has muffled the press; its influence is everywhere. Court Street, that can find a flaw in every indictment, and can cunningly devise ways to save the murderer from the gallows—Court Street can find no way of escape for the poor slave. State Street, that drank the blood of the martyrs of liberty—State Street is deaf to the cry of the oppressed slave; the port of Boston, that has been shut up by a tyrant king as the dangerous haunt of freemen—the port of Boston has been opened for the slave-trader. For God's sake, Mr. Chairman, let us keep Faneuil Hall free. Let there be words of such potency spoken here this night as shall break the spell that is upon the community. Let us devise such means and measures as shall secure to every man who seeks refuge in our borders, all the liberties and all the rights which the law allows him."

Dr. Howe materially aided John Brown, the martyr, whose body lay mouldering in the grave, while the cause went marching on. He served on the Sanitary Commission for the army, on the Emancipation League and on the Freedman's Enquiring Commission. In 1867 when sixty-six years of age, the old fervour for foreign patriots came on him. He raised $37,000 for the struggling Cretons, and went in person to distribute it. This was the last of his public efforts.

His youth was romantic and adventurous. It was the time of Napoleon in war, Byron in letters, and Scott in fiction. His middle age was tireless in its toils for the benefit of others, and he spread his blessings on those who could least repay his service. His more advanced years were a marvellous conjunction of wisdom and enthusiasm. His whole life was an unselfish service.

"The rest that earth denied is thine,
Ah! is it rest? we ask,
Or traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task.

"Had but those boundless fields of blue
One darkened sphere like this,
But what has heaven for thee to do
In realms of perfect bliss?

"No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
No rugged path to smooth,
No struggling soul to help and cheer,
No mortal grief to soothe.

"Enough, is there a world of love?
No more we ask to know.
The hand will guide thy ways above
That shaped thy task below."

LONDON, Ont.

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.*

BY MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

The American Republic has a goodly, a noble galaxy of women among its children of distinction. In this galaxy stand forth four, not including one, active in the present period, whose services to the commonwealth demand deepest gratitude and highest recognition. The mother of Washington made the Republic possible by giving it a founder and father. She with his wife, are the types of the American home-makers, the wives and mothers, the social queens. Harriet Beecher Stowe has impressed in imperishable pages the Freedom of the Individual. Elizabeth Peabody has transplanted from Germany the kindergarten, the paradise of childhood. And Dorothea Dix is the national angel of succour, the guardian spirit of the afflicted, the helper of the perishing. In direct achievement this last outranks Mrs. Fry, or John Howard, or any other philanthropist that the world has as yet been blest with. Monuments, imperishable let us believe, to her compassionate energy, arise in the stately structures for the insane at Toronto, Halifax, and St. John's, Newfoundland. Similar monuments, but more splendid, are reared in the national capitol and in twenty of the greater states of the Republic, some of them containing two and three of these witnesses in stone to the permanence of her beneficence. In thirteen of the nations or nationalities of Europe, the most afflicted class of an afflicted humanity is daily relieved and blessed by the work she wrought among them thirty-five years ago. At the outbreak of the American Civil War, she saved the national capitol from occupancy by the insurgents, and Lincoln, the President-elect, from assassination. During the war she was superintendent of nurses for the northern armies; and through the four years of that war she took not so much as one day's furlough. At the close of the war she built a monument to the braves who had fallen in defence of their country. As a sort of side play to more onerous tasks, she furnished Sable Island with life-saving apparatus, and the life-saving stations of the Republic with libraries. She frequently superintended the erection of the institutions her power has made possible, and over

* We have pleasure in presenting the accompanying article from the pen of Mrs. Robinson, who is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, known throughout the world as the accomplished author of the best history of Methodism ever written. Mrs. Robinson inherits no small share of her father's literary ability. This article will be of special interest to Canadian readers on account of the close relations between Miss Dix and Canadian insane asylums.—Ed.

many of these she exercised a continual motherly care. To her was committed the appointing of medical and other officers of these retreats; it was to her discerning judgment that some of the best superintendents owed their position. She was also often called upon to decide between personal differences in cases of collision of opinion or authority. "Her visits and her criticisms," wrote Dr. Folsom, in his "Diseases of the Mind," "constitute a better lunacy commission than would be likely to be appointed in many of our States." And had a record been kept of the jails, almshouses, and other institutions she visited and improved in one way or another, it would show that something like half of her time and energy had been expended on these haunts of sin and impoverishment.

Born in the early part of the century, her childhood was bleak and colourless, deprived of all that renders that period delightful. At twelve years of age she is burdened with the prospective task of support and education for herself and her two brothers, both much younger than herself In despair at the hopelessness of her environments she runs away, and takes refuge in Boston, under the roof of her paternal grandmother, a Puritan character, conscientious and rigid, who "gave her a home," but had no caresses, no ministrations of affection to a child who "was full of heart-break for it." So primitive, so severe was this early discipline, that in after years Dorothea would never allude to it save by an occasional passionate exclamation, "I never knew childhood!"

At fourteen she opens a school for young children. She lengthens her sleeves and skirts to give herself an adult appearance; but her seriousness, her earnestness, her power of command, her imposing beauty are sufficient to hold her pupils in salutary awe, and need no accessories of apparel for that effect. At nineteen she has a school in Boston which soon enlarges to a boarding school patronized by many of the best families of New England. Thus at an age when most girls are indulging in beaux and picnics, this one is at the head of a large household, is sister-mother to her brother, nurse to her aged grandmother, and principal of a boarding and day seminary. As if these cares were not enough, she gathers some neglected children in a "barn chamber" for instruction; and so establishes what grows to be, in time, and under genial direction, a very paradise for the culture of child-plants.

Possessed of the endowments requisite for her vocation, she pursues it with an ardour that takes no counsel of flesh and blood, and exacts from her pupils a rigorous fidelity to her inexorable standards. Some of the children thrive, others droop under the heroic discipline. On the mantel of the study-room lay a shell, "a kind of ear of God," a receptacle for notes of self

examination sent by the pupils to their teacher, who sat up far into the night to maintain her side of the searching correspondence.

It was not in mortal mould to bear this unremitting high pressure year in and year out. The limbs of the delicate, high-strung girl-principal began to weaken; her singularly pure, soul-stirring voice grew faint and husky; her shoulders stooped under the self-imposed strain. In conducting her classes, she held to the desk for support, one hand pressed against her side as if restraining a sharp pain. The bleakness of her childhood, the overwork of her maidenhood revenged themselves with a menace of early death for their victim. She was compelled to vacations, to winter sojourns in a milder climate. In this period of trial, her comfort and grief center in her brothers, from whom she has to be parted.

A soothing season of respite, mellow with the light of the tropics, is a winter passed in St. Croix as governess to the daughters of Dr. Channing, who was also of the party. Here, as heretofore in the intervals of rest from the profession, Miss Dix was by no means idle, although for a time she succumbed to the "no-disease" of tropical languor. In previous vacations she had added to her earnings by compiling annuals, writing juvenile moral tales, and the like. Her first attempt at book-making, "Conversation on Common Things," remained in demand through forty years and more, and attained to a sixtieth edition. In the West India Islands she made a thorough investigation of its physical features, together with catalogues and collections of its fauna and flora. Specimens of these collections she presented to Silliman, Audubon, and other scholars, and received from them cordial thanks and praise. It is noticeable in passing, that early in her school teaching days she had won the friendship of several persons of influence and excellence. Her own moral superiority, her elevated tastes, drew her only to the naturally noble, and drew such to her.

The enforced vacations kept her alive, but they failed to restore her vigour, which though tenacious, had never been robust. After twelve years of intermittent teaching, five years of which had been devoted to her model school, she suffered a collapse of her physical powers, so complete that, by order of her physician, she abandoned her vocation and betook herself across the seas to save, peradventure, the remnant of life that seemed to be wasting at the grave's brink. She was at this crisis in her thirty-fourth year. In England, she was received into a delightful home, where, for the first time, she had a heart-satisfying experience of love, of personal and social attentions, and of the kindest care. Though often confined to her couch, and sometimes near to death,

she was happy in this element, so new to her, and thereafter spoke of the period of that sojourn as her year of jubilee. It exercised a permanent softening on the severer traits of her character.

After a year and a half of this restorative experience she returned home, improved in health, and by a bequest left by her grandmother, added to her own savings, lived in circumstances of modest independence. But it was deemed unwise for her to return to her vocation; and having drank deeply at the fountain of Elim, the contrast of her loneliness, and the sterility of her environments in the newer country, made this to her a very Marah.

She grew restlessly unhappy, and would probably have succumbed again to the spear-thrusts in her side had she not obeyed the divine call which came to her at this juncture.

In the winter of 1841, a student in the Cambridge Theological School undertook to give Sunday instruction to certain women confined in the House of Correction in that town. Soon becoming convinced that one of their own sex could better fill his place as teacher, he represented the case to Miss Dix, who, though in suffering health, consented to take the post. In her first visit to the House, she went through the jail and talked with certain insane persons confined in it, in rooms that were without means for heating. Her sympathies were moved for the sufferings of these afflicted ones; but by no appeals to the jail authorities could she obtain the comfort of warmth for them. Hence, as the court was in session in the town, at the time, she appealed to it by proxy, and had the satisfaction of obtaining for her *protegés* a temperature of comparative comfort. Thus was initiated a career which brought relief and blessing to thousands on thousands of sufferers from mental disease; a career whose beneficence will endure after heaven and earth have passed away.

With characteristic promptness and directness, she proceeded at once to inform herself of the history, the nature, the treatment of insanity, and of the rights of the insane. She then set forth on a tour of investigation of every jail and almshouse of the state; taking copious notes at each station, accumulating thus a mass of eye-witness testimony, which she embodied in a memorial to the Legislature. The harrowing description of neglect and cruelty startled the entire commonwealth. Protests and denials were poured forth in profusion to no avail. The quiet power, the religious consecration evident in the memorial, and its terrible, indisputable facts so wrought upon the public mind that a bill for the immediate relief of the insane in the care of the State, and for an enlargement of accommodations for them, was passed by a large majority, with little delay. Thus was opened a career

never before attempted by any woman; a career surpassing in direct achievements that of any other philanthropist.

Supported by such friends as Drs. Channing and Howe, Horace Mann, Luther, and Bell, and others of like eminence, Miss Dix next invaded Rhode Island, where she wrought a similar revolution in public sentiment, and procured the enlargement of an asylum established in the capital. In pursuing this latter aim, she obtained $50,000 from Cyrus Butler, a millionaire devoted to gain, and averse to giving. This personal triumph won in a single interview, was the first of a series, which were plainly of the Lord's doings, marvellous in our eyes. The secret of the Lord was with her who feared Him. By that secret, in His name she was to bend princes, parliaments, and the pope himself to her consecrated will.

In New Jersey as the result of her memorial to the Legislature, and her concerted labour, a magnificent hospital for the insane arose as by magic in a suburb of Trenton, the state capital. Almost simultaneously a similar structure was reared at her bidding, and on a site of her selecting, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meanwhile the condition of the insane throughout the civilized regions of North America having taken possession of her mind and heart, she had begun those journeys up and down the continent, from Newfoundland to California, which were not to cease till she was laid aside by the infirmities of age, in the approach of her eightieth year. In the same year of her Massachusetts memorial, she drew up a similar document addressed to the Provincial Parliament of the two Canadas, and enlisted the governor and other high officials of the country in the cause she pled for. Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote her later, that but for her labours, Canada West would long have needed a hospital for the insane. In or near 1856, she is again in Toronto, lamenting the suffering she finds in its asylum, "through neglect, ignorance and mismanagement," but hoping and toiling for a speedy improvement. "The weather has been severe," she writes, "but in proportion as my discomforts have increased, my conviction of the necessity of searching into the wants of the friendless and afflicted has deepened. If I am cold, they are cold; if I am weary, they are distressed; if I am alone, they are abandoned."

Year by year she returned to her labours at St. John's, Newfoundland, until, near 1853, they were rewarded by the erection of a commodious asylum for the insane of the island. At Halifax she toiled longer and more arduously. While seconded by the bishop of Nova Scotia, her final success was due to the courage and devotion of the Hon. Hugh Bell, an humble minded, but noble man, versed in politics, possessed of much practical ability, yet

inclined to despondency. He admitted that to Miss Dix and to the work she committed to him, he owed a happier trust in God, a clearer faith in human nature. Some conception of the discouragements attendant on such labour as she was engaged in may be inferred from the letters of information he sent her from time to time. Of these letters we quote the following:

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, 1853.

"The session of our Legislature closed yesterday, and I hasten to inform you that something has been done for the object of our long and earnest effort: £15,000, equal to $60,000, has been appropriated, with the condition that £5,000 more be subscribed. . . . I am bound in gratitude to be thankful that Providence has blessed my humble efforts in behalf of our afflicted fellow-beings, but I feel myself so totally inadequate as to knowledge of the right and best way of proceeding that I shrink from it, and wish it were in abler hands. You see how much I need your aid. May I expect to have it? I cannot but think how much stronger your faith was than mine. You always said it would be done. I confess that I had given up hope, during my life."

That profound and noble-minded scholar, Dr. Francis Lieber, wrote to Miss Dix from Columbia, S.C., as follows:

"*Te Deum Laudamus!*

"How do you feel? Like a general after a victory? Oh, no! much better. Like people after a shipwreck? You are saving thousands, and not by one act, but by planting institutions, and institutions of love. And when man does that, he comes nearest to his God of love and mercy.

"*Deus Tibi Lux!* F. L."

During the nine years succeeding her campaign in New Jersey, in addition to the successes we have recorded, Miss Dix memorialized the Legislatures of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Maryland, and North Carolina. The result was the erection of a palatial structure with park-like surroundings for the care of the insane, in each of these states, and in Kentucky an additional one at Hopkinsville. To these must be added the Hospital for the Insane of the Army and Navy, at Washington, D.C., the site for which she procured by one of those personal, irresistible appeals which she alone could make, and which stand out as signal trophies in her career of triumph. The labour involved in collecting data for the memorials, documents whose ability and eloquence were recognized by no less an authority than Chancellor Kent, the converse with and conversion of assemblymen, the management of factions, the writing of numberless editorials, in a word, the overcoming of public apathy and ignorance, the creating of a humane public sentiment, cannot be conceived. The business was systematized by its chief agent; her habits of regularity and order, formed during the stern discipline of her early years, facilitated it to the utmost; yet still

the wonder remains how an invalid woman could turn and overturn, could obtain appropriations of millions of dollars and millions of acres, could travel from the northernmost to the southernmost limits of North American civilization, could surpass in labour and achievements, any dozen of hale and hearty officials. Who can satisfactorily explain to us the condensation of energy manifested in the lives of Alexander, of Napoleon, of John Wesley, and of Dorothea Dix?

Five years after her first memorial, Miss Dix appealed to the National Congress for a grant of five million acres of the public domain, the proceeds of the sale of this land to be set apart as a perpetual fund for the care of the indigent insane; the fund to be divided among the thirty states of the Union. In the memorial prepared for this end, the record of the states in reference to the wants and care for their insane is given *seriatim;* an appalling summary of eye-witness testimony. The memorial produced a profound effect upon the members of the National Legislature; but owing to certain agrarian agitations prevailing at the time, action upon it was deferred through two sessions. The effect of opposition on Miss Dix was always that of a tonic. Hence at the next session, that of 1850, she came forward with a bill for 12,225,000 acres, or about 20,000 square miles, of which 10,000,000 acres should inure to the benefit of the insane, and the balance to that of the blind and deaf and dumb. Through four years she was abundant in labour, encountering delays and hindrances, reasoning and pleading with legislatures, out-generalling politicians, for the securing of this stupendous measure. In March, 1854, it passed the Senate by a majority of twenty-five over twelve. In the following August it was accepted by the House by ninety-eight against eighty-four. This "was the proudest and happiest year of her life; seeming to her the crested tidal wave, lifting and bearing onward in irresistible flood the cumulative results of fourteen years of toil, anxiety and prayer." Already she saw, with her mind's eye, stately buildings rising in every state; buildings "with every appliance to minister to the mind diseased; with every resource of humanity and of advancing science in sacred league to 'raze the written troubles of the brain.'"

"She saw sunshine, lawns, flowers, singing birds and rippling brooks in emulous accord to weave together the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," far-stretching domains won by the hand of a frail, suffering woman, whose foresight, courage, patience, and angelic persuasion had triumphed over the forces of apathy, ignorance and ignoble calculation.

In the midst of these happiest hours of her life, a bolt fell as out of a radiant sky. The President, Franklin Pierce, who had

personally testified to his interest in the bill, vetoed it: an act which must have proceeded at first hand from the author of all evil. The considerations which, as he alleged, moved him to it were ably answered by members of both Houses, but in vain; for a veto, like the law of the Medes, altereth not.

Nevertheless He who suffers no good deed to fall fruitless, overruled this calamity for the well-being of others. Overcome by the cruel shock, she who had achieved one of the most memorable of moral triumphs, a triumph that no man could take from her, again sought rest and change across the sea. The limits of this paper will not permit any description of her campaign in Scotland for the remodelling of the Lunacy Laws of that country, of the Royal Commission and Act of Parliament which secured that change; of a like reformation wrought by her in the Channel Islands, and of foundations laid for an asylum in the island of Jersey; of her investigations in France, Germany, Austria, Dalmatia, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Turkey, and Italy; of her interviews with Pius IX., whom she shamed into making some suitable provision for the insane of Rome—interviews described in a remarkable chapter of Francis Tiffany's biography of this woman, whose heart enfolded in its compassion the sufferers of Christendom. Of her circumnavigation of charity, and of many other of her labours, we must leave our readers to inform themselves about from his sympathetic and admirable narrative.

In her eightieth year this angelic spirit of strength and love was laid aside from active duties, and put to the test of passive endurance through five years of physical infirmity; a test which she bore with the quiet heroism that was native to her. Through all her life she had been unfeignedly devout. The first waking hour of the day, even of the busiest day, she spent on her knees. In the hymns of the saints, she voiced her own sufferings and aspirations. As long as her fingers could guide a pen, and this they did almost to the last, so long did she minister by encouraging message and missive, to some needier than herself. Like Shaftesbury she was loath to die, while so much misery remained to be relieved. But when the hour came, she quietly slipped away, to renew in other arenas, and in fairer conditions, the ministrations which had expressed the consecrated passion of her life on earth. So passed the strong heroic soul—"The most useful and distinguished woman America has produced," wrote one of her eminent friends. Surely she is now of that choir invisible who

> "Did accomplish their desire,
> Bore and forbore, and did not tire,
> Like Stephen, an unquenched fire."

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

THE PLANETS, AS SEEN FROM SPACE.

If we were to go out into space a few millions of miles from either pole of the sun, and were endowed with wonderful keenness of vision, we should perceive certain facts, viz: That space is frightfully dark except when we look directly at some luminous body. There is no air to bend the light out of its course, no clouds or other objects to reflect it in a thousand directions. Every star is a brilliant point, even in perpetual sunshine. The cold is frightful beyond the endurance of our bodies. There is no sound of voice in the absence of air, and conversation by means of vocal organs being impossible, it must be carried on by means of mind communication. We see below an unrevolving point on the sun that marks its pole. Ranged round in order are the various planets, each with its axis pointing in very nearly the same direction. All planets, except possibly Venus, and all moons except those of Uranus and Neptune, present their equators to the sun. The direction of orbital and axial revolution seen from above the North Pole would be opposite to that of the hands of a watch.

The speed of this orbital revolution must be proportioned to the distance from the sun. The attraction of the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance. It holds a planet with a certain power; one twice as far off, with one-fourth that power. This attraction must be counterbalanced by centrifugal force; great force from great speed when attraction is great, and small from less speed when attractive power is diminished by distance. Hence Mercury must go 29.5 miles per second—seventy times as fast as a rifle-ball that goes two-fifths of a mile in a second—or be drawn into the sun; while Neptune, seventy-five times as far off, and hence attracted only $\frac{1}{5625}$ as much, must be slowed down to 3.4 miles a second to prevent its flying away from the feebler attraction of the sun.

The time of axial rotation which determines the length of the day varies with different planets. The periods of the four planets nearest the sun vary only half an hour from that of the earth, while the enormous bodies of Jupiter and Saturn revolve in ten

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and ten and a quarter hours respectively. This high rate of speed, and its resultant, centrifugal force, has aided in preventing these bodies from becoming as dense as they would otherwise be —Jupiter being only 0.24 as dense as the earth, and Saturn only 0.13. This extremely rapid revolution produces a great flattening at the poles. If Jupiter should rotate four times more rapidly than it does, it could not be held together compactly. As it is, the polar diameter is five thousand miles less than the equatorial: the difference in diameters produced by the same cause on the earth, owing to the slower motion and smaller mass, being only twenty-six miles.

The difference in the size of the planets is very noticeable. If we represent the sun by a gilded globe two feet in diameter, we must represent Vulcan and Mercury by mustard-seeds; Venus, by a pea; Earth, by another; Mars, by one half the size; Asteroids, by the motes in a sunbeam; Jupiter, by a small-sized orange; Saturn, by a smaller one; Uranus, by a cherry; and Neptune, by one a little larger.

Apply the principle that attraction is in proportion to the mass, and a man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth weighs three hundred and ninety-six on Jupiter, and only fifty-eight on Mars; while on the Asteroids he could play with bowlders for marbles, hurl hills like Milton's angels, leap into the fifth-story windows with ease, tumble over precipices without harm, and go around the little worlds in seven jumps.

The varying inclination of the axes of the different planets gives a wonderful variety to their seasons. The sun is always nearly over the equator of Jupiter, and every place has nearly its five hours day and five hours night. The seasons of Earth, Mars, and Saturn are so much alike, except in length, that no comment is necessary. The ice-fields at either pole of Mars are observed to enlarge and contract, according as it is winter or summer there. Saturn's seasons are each seven and a half years long. The alternate darkness and light at the poles is fifteen years long.

If each whirling world should leave behind it a trail of light to mark its orbit, and our perceptions of form were sufficiently acute, we should see that these curves of light are not exact circles, but a little flattened into ellipses, with the sun always in one of the foci. Hence each planet is nearer to the sun at one part of its orbit than another; that point is called the perihelion, and the farthest point aphelion. This eccentricity of orbit, or distance of the sun from the centre, is very small. In the case of Venus it is only .007 of the whole, and in no instance is it more

than .2, viz., that of Mercury. This makes the sun appear twice as large, bright, and hot as seen and felt on Mercury at its perihelion than at its aphelion. The earth is 3,236,000 miles nearer to the sun in our winter than summer. Hence the summer in the southern hemisphere is more intolerable than in the northern. But this eccentricity is steadily diminishing at a uniform rate, by reason of the perturbing influence of the other planets. In the case of some other planets it is steadily increasing, and, if it were to go on a sufficient time, might cause frightful extremes of temperature; but Lelande has shown that there are limits at which it is said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Then a compensative diminution will follow.

This general view of the flying spheres is full of interest. While quivering themselves with thunderous noises, all is silent about them: earthquakes may be struggling on their surfaces, but there is no hint of contention in the quiet of space. They are too distant from one another to exchange signals, except, perhaps, the fleet of asteroids that sail the azure between Mars and Jupiter. Some of these come near together, continuing to fill each other's sky for days with brightness, then one gradually draws ahead. They have all phases for each other—crescent, half, full, and gibbous. These hundreds of bodies fill the realm where they are with inexhaustible variety. Beyond are vast spaces—cold, dark, void of matter, but full of power. Occasionally a little spark of light looms up rapidly into a world so huge that a thousand of our earths could not occupy its vast bulk. It swings its four or eight moons with perfect skill and infinite strength; but they go by and leave the silence unbroken, the darkness unlighted for years. Nevertheless, every part of space is full of power. Nowhere in its wide orbit can a world find a place; at no time in its eons of flight can it find an instant when the sun does not hold it in safety and life.

If we come in from our wanderings in space and take an outlook from the earth, we shall observe certain movements, easily interpreted now that we know the system, but nearly inexplicable to men who naturally supposed that the earth was the largest, most stable, and central body in the universe.

We see, first of all, sun, moon, and stars rise in the east, mount the heavens, and set in the west. As I revolve in my pivoted study-chair, and see all sides of the room—library, maps, photographs, telescope, and windows—I have no suspicion that it is the room that whirls; but looking out of a car-window in a depot at another car, one cannot tell which is moving, whether it be his car or the other. In regard to the world, we have come to feel

its whirl. Train the telescope on any star; it must be moved frequently, or the world will roll the instrument away from the object.

There are certain stars that have such irregular, uncertain, vagarious ways that they were called vagabonds, or planets, by the early astronomers. These bodies go forward for awhile, then stop, start aside, then retrograde, and go on again. Some are never seen far from the sun, and others in all parts of the ecliptic.

PROCESSION OF STARS AND SOULS.

I stood upon the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of the long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led on his clan;
And the moon, like a mailèd maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be, in their great heights,
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more! oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailèd moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep in their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember
That the palest fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

—*Lowell.*

THE DEACONESS WORK.*

BY BISHOP NINDE.

The deaconess movement in this country is a novelty. I suppose nobody dreamed ten years ago that in the near future we should see numbers of devoted and thoroughly trained women, trained to be nurses and missionaries, moving about our streets and in the habitations of the poor in a uniform garb. We knew something of the Lutheran deaconesses, and the Sisters of Bethany among our brethren in Germany; we gained also some information of the noble organization of our Wesleyan brethren in England, and there came into our hands some scanty literature on the subject; and, among the rest, that charming monograph from the pen of the president of the British Conference. At length the idea took root in our soil, and as a result of it a very gifted and devoted lady, widely known and esteemed among us, with the help of a few friends, and without churchly sanction, organized the first deaconess training-school, whose home is in the metropolis of the great West. And from this start it was an easy matter to appeal to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and engraft this movement upon the economy of the Church. Methodism has always taken kindly to women, and the General Conference of our Church was disposed to do anything reasonable for a woman, and so restored the ancient order of deaconesses.

From the start the movement has been a marvellous success. Indeed, I may say that the success of the movement in this country has surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine friends. We have twenty-one homes in many of our great cities. We have five hospitals with free dispensaries, and a number of young women who are eager to join the ranks of the noble sisterhood. The movement in this country I may say has been from the start almost universally popular; and yet it would be hardly candid not to admit perhaps that there are those here and there who are disposed to regard the movement with misgiving, if not positive alarm. It is said, for instance, we are aping the methods of the papal Church. We look with well-grounded suspicion on the papal Church. We are extremely sensitive in this country regarding her. We believe that the Roman Catholic Church is being rapidly Presbyterianized in this country; yet we believe her to be an encroaching and corrupt form of ecclesiasticism. And in some cities of our country the sensitiveness is largely

*An address before the Œcumenical Conference.

magnified. In one of the most important cities of our seaboard so sensitive has the community become in regard to the encroachment of the Roman Church and its attitude toward the public schools, that the friends of that movement in that city are unwilling that our sisters should appear on the street in a distinguishing garb. Now, I am willing to borrow from the Roman Catholics, or anybody, any good thing they may possess and which we can utilize to advantage; but I am sure of one thing, that our order of deaconesses, without requiring any unscriptural views, with its freedom from priests and Jesuitical arts and practices, is so radically different from the Roman Catholic practices that we can hardly be charged with adopting the methods of the papal Church.

We are sometimes told—it may be a graver complaint—that in establishing the order of deaconesses we are removing woman from her proper sphere, and really aiding at the destruction of the home. Now nobody loves the Christian home more than I do, and I invoke God's blessings on the multitudes of women who are content to be wives and mothers, their throne the fireside, their empire the sacred seclusion of home. But I would ask God's blessing upon that comparatively small class of women who are just as heartily content to forego the blessing of a single home that they may mother the thousands of homeless ones. Who will be so daring as to attempt to define the proper sphere of woman? Now, surely, her sphere has enlarged since the dawn of the Christian dispensation. How wondrously it has altered in the memory of us all. I suppose fifty years ago it would have been difficult to find a woman outside of domestic life; and yet to-day woman serves us behind the counter, she writes and copies in our offices, she prescribes for our sick, she pleads in our courts, she edits our newspapers, she lectures from our platforms, preaches from our pulpits, and nobody says her nay!

Now, I wish to say this one thing: In our times there is a growing faith, a reckless faith, in the implanted instinct of the human race. There is a faith in the common sense of men and women to keep themselves in the right place. In this day when the populace rules under God this is our only protection. Yet there are persons who are willing to trust anybody's intuition but woman's. They fancy that they must be under heavy restraint. They would put a bit and bridle upon her, for fear that if she should be allowed to follow the unfettered tendency of her nature she would ruin herself and throw society into ruin. I know there are erratic women in the world; there are silly women and monstrous women, just as there are silly and monstrous men. But I

have a profound and abiding conviction that the representative woman can be trusted. If you cannot trust women, who in this dark world can you trust? If we cannot trust our wives and mothers, our daughters and our sisters, where upon the human side will our anxious hearts find rest? But we can trust her. I believe in woman—in woman, with her spiritual clear-sightedness; her deep moral convictions; her courageous fidelity to duty; her unselfish and consuming love.

I am convinced of another thing—that God will never save this world without a large instrumentality of woman. We all believe in that. But I go farther—I do not believe we shall ever reach the unreached and seemingly unreachable masses of the large cities without woman's participation in that work. She has wonderful adaptations for it. Chicago is a moral storm centre; yet several years ago a woman, a lonely woman, went into the Bohemian centre. She rented a room, organized a Sunday-school, and sought admission to the homes of the people. At first they distrusted and repelled her; but finally, as noiselessly as a sunbeam, she entered every door and left it ajar. She performed every possible office; she laid a bunch of flowers at the bedside of the sick; she tied the folded ribbon around the hands of the dead baby; and by-and-by the people warmed toward her, and instead of repelling they invited and welcomed her. She was offended at nothing. On Christmas eve one of the scholars of her school, one rude fellow, brought a common brick wrapped again and again in rolls of paper. It was nothing but a common brick, and of course the laugh was on her. She was not offended. She laid that brick before her among her household treasures; she thanked him for his kind gift and won his heart. A professor in one of the conservatories of music, when she was gathering funds for her mission, sent for her and said: "I do not believe in your God, your Bible, or your religion, but I value your services to my people. I believe in you." And socialists, men and women, would say to her, "Whatever may happen in this city, you shall not be harmed."

O my brothers, what the world wants to-day is not more of our masterly controversies and dogmatism, but what the world is sighing for is the sweet, the persuasive, self-forgetting ministry of loving women. When I see all about me these consecrated women treading the alleys of our great cities, protected by their simple guilelessness, climbing into the attics, exploring the dark cellars, that they may bear to the poor and unregarded the sweet blessings of the Gospel of Christ, it seems to me out of our stormy griefs a ladder is lifted skyward, with the angels of God ascending and descending thereon.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER X.—FALLEN INTO A SNARE.

"But all had faded save one ragged part
Where Cain was slaying Abel."

Why do our prayers fall short of answer? Even such prayers as that those we love and watch should be delivered from temptation? "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It was not only in the doleful wilderness of Mount Hor that the serpent is healed by the serpent.

All that day, while Hannah pursued her journey, and nursed her friend, Henry Walden worked with eagerness, spurred by dreams of suddenly acquired wealth. As his "pocket" proved better and better, his spirits rose; he became boastful; by night he had taken out a thousand dollars' worth of gold. One minute he congratulated himself—the next he complained, because he had not found a thousand-dollar lump.

Before sunset Doon's boy came among the miners, and whispered something to Dyke. Dyke conveyed his information to several, but not to Mike and Walden. In fact, he kept sedulously near them, as if to shut them off from the rest—but his preying eyes seemed now to hold assurance of securing his desires.

The whiskey had come, and Hannah had gone. Dyke felt certain of Henry.

Hillary, standing by the door of her log-cabin, saw the fatal waggon draw up at Doon's saloon, and her heart failed her. But as Hannah was gone, Hillary must take her place, so bidding Mandy get the very best supper she could, the cripple took her crutch, and set out to meet Henry Walden. Henry was always ready for attention; he volubly welcomed Hillary—thanked her for coming—showed his bag of gold fast to his waist—and giving her his arm to help her home, assured her that in a month more she would be wearing a silk dress, and riding in her own coupé! As they entered the little mining village, Walden saw the men crowding toward Doon's. Dyke passed him and shouted:

"Walden, come to Doon's and talk over your luck! Don't turn your back on us now you're rich! Come treat us to crackers and cheese, and a bit of baccy, as there's nothing stronger."

"Mandy's doing her best with supper," whispered Hillary.

"I must take my daughter home," said Henry to Dyke.

"Well, come back then. Don't get on your ear because you've struck ile! Come and talk it over, Mr. Millionaire."

"Hannah's gone, and I'm so lonesome," murmured Hillary.

"Ha! Engaged to the ladies now, Dyke. I'll—be back."

Up came Mike, whose Mandy had met him with—

"What are you here for, me lad? Isn't there a cart full of whiskey ready to ruin the master, down at Doon's?"

"Arrah! Mandy's slap-jacks are waitin'," bawled Mike.

Dyke looked at Henry, winked, closed his eyes as in a delicious trance, tipped back his head, and held his closed hand cup-wise to his lips. That motion aroused slumbering thirst.

Henry fortified himself by feeling his gold-bag, talking to Mike and listening to Hillary; but even as he went home and ate Mandy's famous "slap-jacks," his mouth watered for the cups that were being filled at Doon's. After supper, and an uneasy talk with Hillary, he started up. He must go see the men—a minute—they'd think he was proud.

He went, and Hillary waited. Her eyes were closed, and tears welled over her cheeks; but plainly enough she saw through tears and closed lids that room at Doon's, the clouds of smoke, the reeking, greenish glasses, heard the oaths, jests, recriminations, and the rattle of dice and dealing of cards. She must be strong for Hannah.

Down to Doon's went Hillary, and tap, tap, sounded her crutch among all those rude noises, and, like a lily among thorns, shone Hillary's fair face among those rude faces. Rick Wellman, who was not drinking, but had come for his cousin, whispered to her, "Go home, Miss Dacre—I'll bring Walden." But Hillary pressed up to Henry, and clasped his arm.

"Won't you come home? Think of Hannah. Oh, please do come——"

"Hooray for petticoat government and apron-strings!" shouted one of them.

"I'm afraid," whispered Hillary to Walden; "only come for this once."

"Go home—I'm coming—go, child. I'll come soon. I'm angry at you."

"Take me home," pleaded Hillary. "I'm afraid."

"Take the child home," said Wellman in Walden's ear. "So pretty and so helpless—don't leave her to go alone—come on."

Walden rose reluctantly from his brandy, and led Hillary out. But all the way back he would not speak. He took Hillary to the cabin door, and giving her a slight push, said:

"Don't do this again. It is bad enough for Hannah—I won't have you try it," and then resolutely turned back to Doon's miserable den.

Hillary cried, and Mandy cried, and Mike walked up and down, exhorting them to be comforted. Mike had never dared enter a place where liquor was sold, lest he should fall. Now, moved by these tears, he shouted:

"Miss Hillary! Do ye s'pose an' I rin to Doon's, to pluck a brand from the burnin', the good Lord will be strong enough to pluck me out, and not lave me to be afther burnin' up mesilf?"

"Indeed He can, Mike, if you keep your hope set on Him."

"I'll go, thin, and save the master!" bawled Mike.

"An' don't ye lose yourself, me jewel, whativer ye do!" said his wife.

Mike tightened his waist-band, rubbed his hands, crowded his hat down firmly, and took a deep breath—preparing himself as a man going to a deadly encounter. Then he put down his big head and short neck, after the fashion of a bull making a particularly ugly rush, and he tore straight down the road to Doon's. Some saw him coming, and gave a faint cheer.

"Mike's broke traces. Ha! ha! ha!"

In tore Mike, looking huger than ever; he was an uncommonly big fellow at all times—now he was tremendous. He made no abatement of his speed, but launched himself to the end of the counter where Henry Walden sat, gathered Henry up in his arms, and whirled him off like a naughty child. Mike never set him down till they were half way home. Then he put him on his feet, but held by his collar, marched him up the ladder to the loft, and bolted him into his little room, shouting:

"Git ye to bed, master; an' come to-morrer, I'll ax yer pardon for handlin' yees rough!"

Mike locked the doors, and all went to bed. An hour later, Henry Walden, in his worst mood, threw his clothes all out of the little loop-hole window, wriggled himself out, dropped on the heap, dressed, and fled back to Doon's, lured and pursued by devils.

At this time Hannah slept. Walden had just drank enough to arouse his double mania for brandy and cards; he clasped his little bag of noble dust, and fancied that the thousand dollars' worth would make itself a hundred thousand before day. Shapes dimly seen through mist grow huge; and dreams of fortune, floating in brandy fumes, loomed great and strange, and just within his reach! He tore into Doon's, and was welcomed by a shout. The two or three decent men of the place had gone home, but Dyke and Doon cheered his return, and filled for him a glass of liquor. Then Dyke shuffled cards anew, and told one or two huge stories, and the play began. Now one shift of fortune, now another, and fiercely grew Henry Walden's madness, and he drank deeper, and his brain reeled, while all the men looked on, and now—the morning was flushing crimson in the gray, and he had lost the thousand dollars that had turned his head, heating him with the pride of sudden, easy gain. When this was gone his fury grew apace. He thought of Hannah, robbed so often; of Hillary and the grand things he had promised her. He wanted to play longer, but Dyke hung back. What should he stake? He proposed the cabin, but Dyke shook his head—"*he* was no family man; *he didn't want* a caboose of that sort." And some of the men called out:

"Hold hard there, Walden; you sha'n't stake the gals' shelter!"

"My mine! my claim!—that," cried Henry, "against yours."

Dyke had planned for this all day, but he subdued the wolfish gleam of his eyes and snap of his teeth, and growled:

"It's played out—only a little 'pocket'—you exhausted it yesterday."

"Not half, not half—there's millions in it," cried Walden. "My claim against yours on the game. Come on!"

"It's a fair offer," cried Dyke, "made by him."

They drew, played, held their breath, panted, and the game was done, and Dyke leaped into the air, yelling:

"Mine, your claim and your dust! Go in for my old claim to-morrow, Walden, and see if luck's sweet on you there. Mine."

And Henry Walden staggered out into the primrose dawn, a doubly ruined man.

Mike, finding his prisoner fled, went out to search for him, and found him limp and senseless by the path.

They took him home and put him in the bed downstairs. Hillary wanted to send for Hannah, but Mike said:

"Let her be. She'll know her troubles soon enough. Niver a thing ails him now but a spree, and he'll sleep that off. Bad luck to all vilyuns."

Henry Walden slept and moaned, woke and repented, as usual; his misery was so great that they all tried to comfort him. It was the evening of the third day that he went out among men once more, and heard what Mike was boiling with rage at hearing, that Dyke "had struck a big bonanza in the claim he had won." He had taken out four thousand dollars' worth, setting the little settlement in a frenzy, and inspiring every one to a fury of fruitless digging. It seemed as if the gold belonging in all the claims had been conjured into that one pocket, and no one else could get a particle. Least of all Mike, pecking away at the mocked-at, worst claim of the lot, that Dyke had promised as his gift to Henry Walden. As a whole, Dyke had now five thousand dollars out of Walden's "pocket," and hearing the news, Walden groaned, and raged, and cursed inwardly. He fled the face of men—he wandered off for a mile or so, flung himself down behind a rock, and brooded on his loss, and hated Dyke, and longed to destroy him. When the moon was up he staggered to his feet, went to Doon's, and bought a bottle of rye whiskey. He carried that off on the desolate barren, and drank it feverishly and alone, and all the time as he drank, stronger and stronger set in the deadly current of a thought that had come to him lying on his face under the rock. That money! He would have it back! He would get it and fly! He never thought of the girls, except that when he had got to San Francisco, and made a fortune, he would send for them. He meant to get the precious booty, that *should* be his, and was Dyke's, and fly with it. The thought was all of a piece with his life. When he was a little boy, if he craved his neighbour's marbles, he snatched them and ran, and his mother gave the plundered boys five-pence to get more.

He knew where Dyke slept in a tent, and he knew that Dyke had been drinking at Doon's, and had all his gold, dust and grains, in two canvas bags at his waist. To-morrow he was going off toward civilization, the better to squander it. Henry Walden's blood ran as red-hot metal in his veins. He took in his right

hand his bowie-knife, to "cut the bags loose with"; he knew right well in his drunken furor it was also to go deep in Dyke's heart, if he roused up. But the first work of the bowie-knife was to rip up Dyke's tent, and the moonlight slid in, and showed his face, flushed and bad, in a drunken sleep—one of those men whom, it seems, should never have existed—all the evil they do, and no good! Dyke never stirred, as Walden, growing madder and more and more drunk, roughly pulled aside his loose flannel shirt, and found the little bags strapped with a leather band around his burly waist. Wonder is, in cutting loose the prey, he did not fatally cut Dyke; but by some luck he never drew blood, and so let fall the canvas, and off. He trembled so with effort and success, that he sat down to drink the rest of Doon's vile, poisoned whiskey, and that finished him. He forgot that he must fly; forgot San Francisco and the future—knew nothing but to clutch what he had gained, drop the empty bottle on the road, the bowie-knife a bit further on, and follow a blind instinct, home and to bed. He thrust the two bags under his pillow, and slept heavily.

Now, what followed? What but one line of events could follow? Dyke woke by full morning, to find himself robbed, and by his mad uproar called all his fellow miners together to see his cut tent and leather, and hear his tale. Then great was the wrath. In such a settlement one thing is to be maintained, and that is the eighth commandment. The other nine of the decalogue no one cares for. Men may drink by wholesale the liquor that ensures trampling on all law, moral and civil, but one may not steal. Lie, swear, forget God, shoot or cut your neighbour to your heart's content, but no stealing; a man's property must be safer than his skin.

No sooner was Dyke's loss known than public sentiment settled the doom of his midnight intruder. There had been plenty to shake heads and condemn the manner of his taking advantage of Walden, and this rather because Hillary and Hannah had the sympathy of the community. Still Dyke's manœuvres were considered in the line of lawful acts—the moral ideas of the place were not up to the point of considering anything dishonest but absolute stealing.

Mike was abroad when the first tumult rose, and as soon as he heard Doon say, exhibiting an empty whiskey bottle, "Walden got this of me last night," then Mike's prophetic soul foresaw the whole course of events, up to the swinging of an ominous looped rope from the one available tree. Mike dared not leave Walden for a moment, he might delay if not prevent the end; but real hope of aid was in Hannah, who was ten miles off. Now that Araby was gone, there was but one beast for riding left in the place—that a vicious Mexican pony, which could go like the wind, if it did not fall into a notion of "bucking." Mike rushed to Doon's boy, and offered him his whole fortune—five dollars and an old silver watch—if the boy would ride post-haste for

Hannah. The boy was not a bad boy, but being deeply interested in the tragedy evidently in progress, would not have taken the bribe, had he not considered Hannah and that she had nursed him when he was sick the last winter. Moved by that memory he put a rope bridle on the Mexican, leaped on him bare-backed, and set off for Touchstone. Mike seeing him disappear in the right direction, sped toward home; on the way he passed a knot of men, amid them Dyke, swearing and gesticulating over Walden's bowie-knife.

Into the house plunged Mike, and barred doors and windows.

"Angels of deliverance!" screamed Mandy, "what's wrong with you, Mike?"

"The master's been drinkin'!" replied Mike, applying his eye to a loop-hole in the shutter. "An' the ould boy hisself must have been in him, for he's stole back the money Dyke got of him, and the whole town is toomblin' up here to lynch him."

"It's lyin' yees are for sure," howled Mandy. "The master's no thief."

"Barrin' when he's drunk," said Mike; "he surely did it."

"Are you going to shoot thro' the loop-holes?" asked Hillary trembling and white with terror.

"No, Miss," said Mike, "I'm only goin' to hould out as long as iver I can, hopin' for Miss Hannah. But not a drop of blood can I shed. They're not so wrong in preventin' stealing; it's wrong they are in 'lowin' drinkin'. They're comin'!"

Up the road, Dyke and Doon at their head, came all the men of "Roc's Egg." Finding the house closed, Doon beat the door and demanded admission. Mike went up-stairs, and thrusting his head from the aperture where Henry had unhappily escaped a few nights before, blandly remarked:

"We're not resaveing the day. We've no cards out yit."

"You'll receive us, Paddy," roared Dyke, "we come in the name of law."

"Which name will it be?" asked Mike cautiously.

"Judge Lynch, and he's not the boy to parley," cried Dyke.

"Nor one to let in aisy," retorted Mike; "whativer is up?"

"See here," said Wellman, stepping forward, "we only ask what we are all ready to grant, right of search. Dyke has lost five thousand worth of gold. Signs point this way. We want to search the premises. I for one hope Walden didn't take it. Is he here? We must search the thing out."

A wild howl of "Walden! Walden! Open the house. Bring the thief out!" rose round the door and penetrated the brain of Walden. He sat up in bed, and as the cries of the pack hunting for his blood reached his ear he shook like a reed and great sweat drops rolled over his ashen face.

Mike still argued the case from the window; he declared every man's house to be his castle, and English law to make him safe there; but one of the besiegers answered:

"It's neither English nor United States law here, Paddy. We

are men outside of laws and governments, and we make our own. We've got certain regulations laid down, and we keep 'em."

"Supposin' you find your money on the boss, what will you do?"

"Lynch him!" yelled Dyke, echoed by the others.

"That's too heavy on just stealing," quoth Mike; "hang for murder."

"See here," said Doon, "away out here, money's of more value nor life, and stealing's worse nor murder; you open the door or we'll smash it in."

"I'll open the door if you'll agree if you find your cash to let the master go."

"Never, never!" bawled the crowd. Even Wellman said quietly, "That can not be; we must have justice."

"Then will yees promise to take him to Touchstone for trial?"

This proposition was also rejected. Roc's Egg would not go to Touchstone for justice; every place to its own laws.

Thanks to his glib tongue Mike kept the crowd at bay for nearly an hour; then finding that his "castle" would be carried by storm he agreed to let Wellman and four others enter.

All this while Walden was cowering and moaning in the most abject terror on his bed. Hillary crouched in a corner praying, and Mandy sat with her head on her knees, weeping, ejaculating, and objurgating by turns. When Mike opened the door and the search party entered, they dragged Walden from the bed and hastily searched his person; next they explored the bed, and there under the pillow lay the unopened bags, with the bit of leather thong attached.

A loud shout announced the success, and then, as their prisoner was unable to walk, several of them caught him up and carried him, half dead with terror, toward Doon's saloon. Mike followed, intent on staying proceedings and defending his master to the utmost.

The form of trial was rude in the extreme. Walden's guilt was evident; the property was proved as belonging to Dyke, and how Dyke became possessed of it was not in question. Walden's wrongs were a matter of course, and he should have looked out for himself. In Doon's saloon, surrounded by his jugs, bottles, and kegs, freely imbibed from by judge and jury, who would think of laying blame on whiskey? The guilt was clear. The doom was death. And they led Henry Walden toward the fatal tree.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SNARE IS BROKEN.

"I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray."

Hillary and Mandy, through this terrible time, wept together in the darkened house. All the other denizens of Roc's Egg—its twenty men, the half-dozen women and children—formed the procession behind Walden, as he was led out to die.

Always a coward of death, Henry Walden's terror was now pitiable. Two men upheld him, and his feet dragged along the ground, scarcely moved by his own volition. Wellman kept at his side and tried to encourage him. "Walden, I'd save you, but I can't. Can't you brace up your mind a bit, and think of God and the next world? I wish I could deal you out a text or two —I mind a piece of one about 'Come unto Me' and there's another 'Seek the Lord.' It's never too late to mend, Walden; just you tie to the Lord and who knows but He'll get you to a better place than this without much trouble?"

These well-meant exhortations fell but dully on poor Walden's ears. But as the march ended where a bold shoulder of hill jutted upon the plain, and the only real tree of the place grew, Henry suddenly straightened himself, stopped his shaking, set his lips, and held his head firmly. Doon, who had the rope with a slip-knot, flung it in its place. Walden was put under it, the loop laid over his neck, and Wellman asked if he had anything to say. Henry shook his head.

"We're sorry this has all happened, Walden," said Wellman; "out here on the frontier we do things differently from other places. If we could have let you off——"

A crash of hoofs, a breath as of flame, around the sharp jut of the rocks dashed a great white horse, covered with sweat, foam, dust, and the little crowd broke as the strong breast pressed against them, so that Walden was left alone under the tree, three men holding the rope a little to the left, three more holding the powerful form of Mike on the right, the rest of the crowd scattered to escape the onset of the panting horse. Hannah flung herself from Araby, and clasped both arms around her father, facing the throng as she stood. The two were of nearly the same size. The same perfect features belonged to both, but the man's face was weak and white, the girl's was flushed and strong, and her great brown eyes blazed with indignation, as she looked from face to face.

"What is this? Speak to me!"

Some one hastily told her the story.

"But how dare you punish a man uncondemned, and, in a manner, past legal?" cried Hannah.

"He's condemned, Miss, by Judge Lynch; and out here, where we are beyond law, we make our own laws, and it's death for stealing. You can't call things illegal where law ain't."

"Somebody take the gal away," said a voice; and one or two hands were laid on Hannah; but she shook them off. She was a very strong girl, and the bystanders knew it would require a force they hesitated to exert to part her from her father.

"This Lynch law," cried Hannah, "is a shame and scorn to man!"

"It's not so bad, Miss," said an elderly miner. "It makes us safe. I lived in Californy afore other laws was, and by this one of Judge Lynch we were that safe a man could sleep with his

door unlocked and his pocket-book on the table. Lynch law is good law where courts ain't or where juries is bought and sold, and honest poor can't get a true verdic'; an' what the judge charges an' the jury finds, is clean agin all reason."

"But, understand," cried Hannah, "my father is no thief, only as these men made him a thief, and put him beside himself with whiskey. It is their fault."

"Didn't nobody oblige the fool to drink," said Doon.

Hannah turned on him, grandly, like an angry lioness.

"*You* are at the root of this, you and Dyke. I saw Dyke planning and currying when the pocket turned out well the other day. You both knew that liquor crazed him and made him game recklessly, and you planned to get him beside himself, and get his gold and his claim. It is conspiracy! He is your victim! You drove him mad! How dare you sell him drink? Did I not go and warn and forbid you? You other men, where were you that you did not defend me and my father when I was away nursing the sick, as I nursed your wives and children last winter? You talk of Lynch law; you execute men for crimes that you drive them to commit, giving them whiskey. This liquor that you allow here is the cause of thieving, murders, mobs, all evil; and you permit the cause, and punish for the effect! It is a shame, a scandal. Take this rope off my father and fit it on Doon, who, against all honour and decency, gave him drink; or on Dyke, who planned the robbing of him with cards, and complains that he was robbed the next night without cards!"

Some of the men were shaking their heads. Wellman stood wretched and overwhelmed. Mike chorused every sentence with "Arrah, true for ye! Faix it's so!" The women were crying.

"Take the girl away," bellowed Dyke, "and do your duty."

Hannah, with a swift twist of her hand, enlarged the running loop, and slipped the rope over her neck and her father's.

"What now! What do you mean, girl?" cried the old miner.

"I shall die with my father!" said Hannah. "I have tried everything else for him; I have done all I can; now I will die with him. I have told you before how it was. I have left my home, my friends, given up all my property, come out here where girls do not come, all to save him from himself and this sin that besets him; and you, who might have helped me, have not helped me, You have now, at the last, ruined all my work. If there is a bit of good left in any of you, be kind to poor Hillary, and send her home when we are dead. I shall not be the first woman to die for him; my own mother and my step-mother died trying to save him; but what can we women hope, when you men ruin all our work, and will not let us save your brothers! Do your worst; I am ready!"

"This is a bad job, boys," said the old miner. "The girl's right. It was conspiracy on the part of Dyke and Doon. They knew all that would come of it. An' we orter stood up for the gal when she was away. Dyke robbed him one way, you'll 'low."

"See here, Miss," said Wellman, stepping out respectfully, "ain't you engaged to Jerome Earl?"

"Yes, I am," said Hannah, clearly.

"See here, boys," said Wellman, "you know Earl saved your very lives last winter. That Dyke's among them, too. You can't go pay him back in such coin as giving him a father-in-law with a rope on his neck! It won't do."

"You need not think of it!" cried Hannah, her face and eyes aflame. "I shall marry nobody; no one shall share this record of mine. All there is left is to die! It is you who have despised my prayers, and spoiled my work, and left me to despair, and ruined us in our last refuge. Oh, father, my poor father! was there never a hand to help you!"

She turned her face toward Henry Walden, who stood with white, tortured face cast down, his neck and hers circled by the one noose, and with a sudden movement she drew his head to her shoulder, burst into tears, and caressed him as a mother might, kissing his hair and patting his cheek. All those hard souls were mightily moved at the sight of this emotion, where for the weak father the child's sentiments seemed to have changed from the filial to the maternal. There was a hush, a heavy breathing, then a sharp crack whizzing through the air, and half the rope fell back on the men who held it, and the other half dropped at Hannah's feet. Wellman had expressed his sentiments by cutting the cord with a shot from his revolver. The old miner thereupon stepped up to Dyke, and gruffly remarked that "if anybody had a hankerin' after free lodgin' in a boneyard, they could apply to yours obediently." Wellman's cousin fixed his gaze on the tree-top, and audibly vented his conviction that "A certain man named Dyke had got about all he needed out of this 'ere little settlement, and had better lite out at an early day." Mike, wrenching himself free from his captors, sprang to Hannah and her father, flung the rope from their necks, and clasped both in his big arms. The women cried and thanked God; the children caught the feeling, and laughed; the men, one by one, slowly slid away—Doon first, lest his remaining might suggest a thought unfavourable to his whiskey.

Wellman came near Hannah and whispered, "Get him out of Roc's Egg to-morrow, lass; folks' minds change."

Hannah took her father's arm in hers, and, with Mike at her side, set off for their home, hardly realizing how narrow had been the escape from death.

"Where's Doon's boy?" demanded Mike. "I'm most feared for the spalpeen to come back to his ould guv'ner."

"He's not coming," said Hannah. "He said the horse and the watch, and your five and ten dollars Mrs. Earl gave him, were enough capital for him; and he's off to the settlements, to make his fortune. He says he's seen enough of bars and whiskey, and now he's free of them. I've made one temperance boy," said Hannah, between a twinkle and a tear. "Of his own accord he

fell on his knees, and took a solemn pledge never to drink a drop, as he said 'forever 'n' ever, Amen.' But he's in dead earnest, however he puts it."

They went home, to the marvel of the two weeping women, and Hannah told how the Doon boy on his Mexican pony had come tearing into Touchstone, told his errand as he helped her fling the saddle on Araby, and how she had come sweeping up that breathless ten miles never drawing rein, good Araby going easy and even over the ground as the flight of an arrow from the bow. Then there was dinner, and then Hannah read the Thirty-first Psalm, and had prayers—oh, such an outpouring of that over-tasked heart, that they were all weeping around her; and then Henry Walden went off to his attic. Before he went, he clasped Hannah in his arms, and, in such a tone as he had never used before, bade God bless her, and prayed he might ever be worthy of her.

Hannah was awake half the night, planning how and where to go, since Wellman warned them. How leave sick Mrs. Earl? how desert the spot where she should wait for her lover as she had said? how remove them all, with Hillary crippled? The burden grew too heavy; but she cried, "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me!"

Then she slept; and He who giveth His beloved sleep answered her in strange ways.

It was late next morning when they were all stirring. Hannah went up to call her father, but he was gone. He had been gone all night, probably. She sent Mike to seek for him that day, and Wellman and Mike the next day; but for all their search, they found no trace of Henry Walden.

The disappearance of Henry Walden began to arouse interest, even in "Roc's Egg," where it had seemed that nothing but fresh discoveries of yellow metal would stir men's minds. If Dyke had left at the same time, foul play would have been suspected, but it was three days before Dyke took his five thousand, and set off for Touchstone. Three weeks later, a peripatetic miner who had passed through Touchstone, declining to tell from what direction he had come, left there a note, written on the fly-leaf of a book, and addressed to "Hannah Walden." This found its way to Hannah, bearing these words: "Good-bye, my daughter. If ever you see me again, it will be when I am a better man. At my door lie the deaths of two good women. I will not remain to destroy your youth. Pray for me. I have taken with me that red Bible. H. WALDEN."

The red Bible, on a fly-leaf of which the letter was written, had belonged to Hannah's mother. So Hannah's present care for her father was ended; but instead came the weightier care of constant anxiety lest he might be suffering or sinning, or perishing unhelped.

"Hannah," said Hillary, one night, as they sat in the moonlight in the doorway, "don't you see a time has come for you to cast

your father entirely on God? You do not even know where the poor man is, or what he needs; but God knows all. This is now the trial of your faith. It says, 'Cast your burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee.' Give your father into His hands, and don't go to taking him back again by fretting and worrying. Don't interfere with God's ways by mourning and longing to do something that is not for you to do. Perhaps God can manage him better than you, or your mothers."

And on this wisdom Hannah mused a little space, and then the strength of her character came out in the entirety of her resignation. She gave her erring parent into God's hands, and waited cheerfully His will. She had not forgotten her old motto, "I must do the best I can." Father and lover were both gone far away, and she was in a wilderness, waiting news of them—yet she did her duty and was happy. She had promised Jerome Earl to wait for him there. At present she could do nothing else, for they were absolutely without means to go anywhere—unless to Touchstone. Mrs. Earl was better, and proposed that Hannah and Hillary should come and live with her, while Mike and Mandy kept house at Roc's Egg. The girls agreed to this, and were to open a little school in Mrs. Earl's best room, for the ten or a dozen boys and girls of Touchstone; teaching the "three R's" and sewing and knitting. To conclude this arrangement, get a blackboard painted, and find some chalk, Hannah set forth one morning on Araby, for Touchstone. About half the distance made, she saw an ominous pall of reddened smoke lying low on her pathway, some miles before her. The dim cloud rose and fell. Hannah hurried on, unable to realize what it was; fearing much, disbelieving all, until she had neared her journey's end, and saw Touchstone—in ashes; hardly one of the forty or fifty houses left. At the edge of the town, on a small heap of the household things which she had saved, her hair burned off, and her hands scorched, sat Mrs. Earl. She had folded up in her apron the pictures of her husband and son—pictures made long ago, before they left "the States"; but the five hundred dollars that were to be her maintenance until her boy returned were ashes in the ashes of her home. What was to be done? Nothing but the best Hannah could do as usual. Hannah, with the skill of experience, "packed" the rescued lares and penates on the much-enduring Araby, made of them as firm a seat as possible, established her prospective mother-in-law thereon, put Araby's bridle over her arm, and walked back to Roc's Egg, leading her steed, and bringing the news, and one more inmate for her little home. The down-stairs room was made over to Hillary and Mrs. Earl, and Hannah settled for herself the little attic which her father had abandoned.

Somehow every place where Hannah took up her rest, grew to have a home-like look in it. The neatness and order and good taste of the girl breathed in the humblest apartment, whether it was the little rustic decorations of lichens and leaves that draped

her windowframe, and filled the corner brackets she nailed up, or any small trifles or bits of needle-work that she judiciously distributed, the room became the mirror of the harmonious, patient, victorious soul, triumphing even in adversities.

And now adversities pressed hard and fast; the family of five were moneyless. It was impossible for them to find means of changing their abode, and, indeed, they knew not whither to go. Day by day, Mrs. Earl and Hannah looked silently for the coming of Jerome to deliver them from their difficulties, but the autumn approached, and no Jerome was heard from. Each woman, as she kept her longings and daily expectations to herself, kept also those harrowing fears and thoughts of the many vigorous young men who had gone forth to come in no more, whose bones bleached on prairies or mountains, over whose shallow graves wolves had howled and carrion birds had screamed, or whose death-knell had been the wild whoop of the Indian sweeping down on a defenceless foe.

Mike was the one member of this family able to work, but Mike wearied himself daily without return. Once Hillary had earned a little by sewing, and Mandy by washing; but the hardest of hard times came down on Roc's Egg, and people wore rags, and no longer seemed to care for each other. As sink silently the sands in the hour-glass, or as the water filters silently out of little hollows by the sea, when the tide retreats, population began to disappear from Roc's Egg. The miners had roved around the little hills and prospected, till in many places the land looked as if it had been ploughed, and indeed would have yielded far more if it had been sown for yellow corn, instead of being rooted and torn for yellow dust. The gulch had echoed and re-echoed to pickaxe and spade, and in solemn council the miners had declared that the famous Dick, when he was a-dying, had been possessed of a demon, and going out of life wrathful and disappointed, had left as a legacy a tremendous lie, that should make other men as disappointed and wrathful as himself. Now as this conviction of the absence of gold at Roc's Egg, since the exhaustion of the few paying pockets, had forced itself on the miners, they began to drift away. A man would meditate moodily of an evening, and then in the early gray morning, alone, or with his chosen "pardner," would quietly disappear in the distance—a queer figure—a pickaxe over his shoulder, from which pickaxe hung a washing-pan, and a little bundle done in a red kerchief; his pockets would bulge with bread and bacon, or hard-tack and cheese, and spade in hand, knife and revolver in belt, his grotesque figure would lessen and lessen, and come to Roc's Egg no more. Where the miner was encumbered with wife and children, he would wait for some passing waggon-train, or empty ox-waggon to take them off. But day by day the few inhabitants grew less; the cabins stood empty with open doors and windows, like skulls with wide, staring, eyeless sockets, and here and there a deserted tent flapped its rotten tatters in the wind, or tumbled over when no one cared

to set it up again. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," without its pathos or beauty, reappeared in Roc's Egg.

Wellman and his cousin went off with hopes of better luck in Nevada. They came to bid Hannah and Hillary good-bye, and bluntly said how sorry they were to leave them in a forsaken place, where, no doubt, they would soon be alone.

Mike dug and washed dirt at the claim which Dyke had given to Walden; he also washed and scraped at the exhausted pocket where Walden had been so unfortunately fortunate; and as the rest wandered off, he pecked at all the claims and pockets, and sought for new placers which he could not find, and hammered at every bit of rock to see if it was gold-bearing, all to no purpose. Mike made more when he went out hunting, or set traps, and brought home small game to feed the five people who sat at the table which held precious little to eat.

Mandy and the girls had raised a few vegetables, and busy Hillary had gathered and dried wild fruits; but it really looked as if hunger would come on them like a strong man armed. When not over half a dozen men were left in the place, they had a carouse at Doon's one night to stay their failing spirits. In the melée a kerosene lamp was overturned, and the place took fire. Boards and whiskey, and alcohol-sodden kegs, burn well, and the beacon-flame of Doon's ruin blazed up to the sky for an hour or two. Then it sunk and smouldered, and the next day Doon was off, intent on finding friends at Deadwood and working mischief there.

"UNDERTAKE THOU FOR US."

BY ALEX. A. B. HERD.

Lord, undertake for us,
That all our past may be,
Not as we made it, stained with sin,
But best and worst alike made clean,
All purified by thee.

Lord, undertake for us,
As passing moments flee;
A present help for present strait,
Show Thy salvation, while we wait
In quiet trust to see.

Lord, undertake for us,
In days or years to come;
Through all that in the future lies,
Revealed to Thine all-seeing eyes,
Lord, undertake for us,
And lead us safely home.

SOMENOS, B.C.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS.*

BY MRS. A. G. M'MECHAN.

GEORGE ELIOT says that if our ears were but sufficiently sensitive, we might hear the sounds that lie on the other side of silence—might hear the cricket's heart beat and the grass grow. When we take in our hands a book with Dr. Pierson's name on the cover we always feel as if we held the earth-end of a heavenly telephone—he has the rare faculty of developing, in his readers, the art of listening for the divine voice.

"Miracles of Missions" is but another of the series, begun perhaps with the "Crisis of Missions," and expanding, under his affluent pen, into a mass of missionary information full of rich thought, inspiration, and power equalled by few writers on this absorbing topic.

The heading of the chapters gives an insight into the contents sufficient to warrant an expectation of new light thrown on familiar versions, a new voice speaking to old themes.

"Among the Wynds of Glasgow," is an early chapter in the life of John G. Paton, afterwards missionary to the New Hebrides. We quote the opening passage, which gives the key-note of his work:

"Love is omnipotent. Wherever passion for souls burns there we may find a new mount of transfiguration, where the earthly takes on the complexion of the heavenly. Let us find an example of the power of such love and holy passion in one of the cities of Scotland."

Then follows a history of work among the lapsed classes of that great "Scotch Manchester," which finds its parallel for devotion and self-denial, possibly, among the workers of the Salvation Army, seldom elsewhere. From a small beginning in a hay-loft, this Calton Mission enlarged, till Mr. Paton found himself the head of a sort of Bureau of Tract Distribution, Relief and Employment. One of the most commendable features of his work was the fact that he kept watch and hold upon his converts until he saw them safely housed in some church.

As an illustration of Mr. Paton's faithful persistence under discouragement, we quote this account of an interview with a drunken physician:

"After a long conversation Mr. Paton took down a dusty Bible that had long lain neglected in the closet, and, after reading, said:

"'Now, shall we pray?'

"'Yes,' said the doctor; and, kneeling beside him, the missionary whispered:

"'You pray first.'

"'I curse. I cannot pray; would you have me curse God to his face?'

"'You promised to do all that I asked. You must pray or try to pray, and let me at least hear that you cannot.'

"'I cannot curse God on my knees; let me stand, and I will curse him; I cannot pray.'

"Mr. Paton gently but firmly held him on his knees, saying:

"'Just try to pray, and let me hear that you cannot.'

"Instantly he cried out:

"'Oh Lord, Thou knowest I cannot pray,' and strove to rise up as though Satan were struggling within him to turn that beginning of prayer into a curse. But the noble winner of souls took up that unfinished prayer and continued it as though it were his own, till the old blasphemer was subdued and quiet at the feet of the Master. Then, inducing him to lie down, and sitting beside him till he fell asleep, Mr. Paton commended him to the care of the Lord, and slipped away to other duties. Returning later in the day, the poor victim of delirium was found in his right mind; nay, running to meet the missionary, he hugged him in his arms, crying: 'Thank God, I can pray now! I rose refreshed from

**The Miracles of Missions.* By A. T. Pierson, D.D. (Editor of *The Missionary Review of the World*). 12mo, 193 pp., cloth, gilt top, $1.00; paper, 35 cents. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

sleep, and for the first time in my life prayed with my wife and children; and now I shall do so every day and serve God while I live, who hath dealt in so great mercy with me!' And so he did, joining Dr. Symington's church, and giving his medical skill to a holy ministry to God's destitute little ones, as anxious for their souls as their bodies, until he, who once could not pray, but only curse, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus, to wake where there is 'no more curse.'"

But we leave this chapter and pass to another, which just at this juncture will doubtless open up a phase of work of peculiar interest to the Methodist Church. It bears the startling heading "Mission to the Half Million of Blind in China." We instantly ask, Why so large a proportion of blind in China? The answer is best given in our author's own words:

"On one occasion a company of 600 blind beggars was seen waiting for a free distribution of rice! It is thought that there are half a million of blind in China, and that this very unusual proportion of blind people is traceable to smallpox, leprosy, neglected ophthalmia, uncleanly habits, and the dense smoke created in their dwellings by the dried grass with which their ovens are heated. For generations these sights have been seen in the Celestial Empire—blind beggars, hungry and unclad, beating gongs, singing songs, yelling in chorus, squeaking with flutes, or otherwise torturing the defenseless ears of bystanders until 'cash' was given them simply to induce them to move on and torture somebody else."

The work of this mission is, we think, a most striking illustration of Paul's advice to Timothy: "Stir up the gift of God that is in thee." Its founder, Wm. H. Murray, was born near Glasgow of humble parentage. By an accident in his father's saw-mill he lost his left arm, and this occurrence determined his future as a worker outside of a mechanical trade. We will allow Dr. Pierson to describe his one-armed hero, and also the circumstances which opened his way to China.

"With but one arm he could not labour physically to much purpose; but, though he lacked brawn, he had brain, and he could study. He improved his mind, and before long was employed in the rural districts near Glasgow as a letter-carrier.

"He felt within him the consciousness of a call to some mission among men, he knew not what. He applied to the National Bible Society of Scotland for work as a colporteur. The secretary felt drawn to the modest but persistent lad, but hesitated to have him give up a good position in Government service for a venture which might prove a failure. But William Murray 'prayed himself' into the work of the society. His long daily walk he divided into three parts: a third of the way he studied the Scriptures in the original Hebrew; another third of his monotonous tramp he gave to New Testament Greek; and the last part of his walk was emphatically a walk with God, consecrated to daily prayer that he might be fitted for some sphere of personal, direct missionary service. He longed to be promoted from a royal mail-carrier to a messenger of good-tidings to the King of Kings. In 1864, now almost a quarter of a century ago, he was accepted as a colporteur of the Bible Society and began work on the Clyde, among the sailors and seamen. Here was a new link in the chain which connected the saw-mill in Scotland with this great work of opening the inner eyes of the blind in China."

The sight of the "blind legions" touches him strangely and his soul is drawn out to them, especially to the blind boys. His appeals for help met with little financial response, the workers being already overtaxed, and so his only way was once more to "walk with God" for guidance and help.

Before leaving Scotland he had mastered Melville Bell's System of Visible Speech for the Deaf.

"The thought flashed on his mind that this system might be modified so as to become eyes to the blind as well as ears to the deaf. He saw that the fingers of the blind must take the place of eyes, and that the first step was to reduce the *sounds* of the language to symbolic *forms*. These he made in clay and baked; and from these the blind were first taught to read. But

two difficulties presented themselves: first, the system lacked simplicity, and, secondly, as the Chinese adore their written characters, they might worship these clay symbols."

For eight long years he worked to perfect his system, devoting the odd hours not taken up with his Bible work. Miss Gordon Cumming expresses her astonishment when visiting Pekin, to hear men who but four months before begged in the streets, half-naked and half-starved, now reading by touch the Bible.

"And the marvel is that this Bible colporteur, this consecrated workingman, has been doing this work alone, from his slender income boarding, lodging, and clothing his poor blind pupils! He seemed to hear the Master say once more, "Give ye them to eat," and so he brought his barley loaves to Him to be blessed and multiplied, and they have strangely sufficed for others' wants as well as his own. One boy of twelve, left in his charge by an elder brother, and then left on his hands, though blind, not only rapidly learned to read and write, but became his main dependence in stereotyping and all other work, and developed such musical ability as to become the organist in the chapel of the London Mission.

"The rumour of this wonderful school for blind pupils has spread far and wide, and some have come 300 miles to study the system, which is singularly adapted to represent, not only the sounds used in speech, but in music too. The Pekin pupils write out musical scores from dictation with such rapidity that an ordinary 'Gospel song' will be produced in a quarter of an hour. By means of embossed symbols pasted to the keys they also learn to play the piano and organ."

We cannot linger over this fascinating chapter, but commend it and the wonderful work developed, to the thoughtful interest of the readers of this MAGAZINE.

Many other passages in this volume would well repay a reprint in these pages, and we would specially notice the chapter entitled "The Land of Queen Esther."* Its perusal will be a benediction and an inspiration to the workers in our Woman's Missionary Societies.

LONDON, Ont.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

As these notes are being prepared, news has reached us stating that the Rev. Dr. Moulton, ex-President, has left England to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Omaha.

Two Wesleyan missionaries made their mark at the recent meeting of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, at Hobart. The Rev. Benjamin Danks, who was one of the pioneers of the New Britain Mission, read a paper on "The Native Tribes of New Britain." The Rev. Lorimer Fison formerly a missionary, now editor of the *Spectator*, Wesleyan newspaper at Melbourne, who has a world-wide fame for his contributions to the anthropology of Polynesia, was one of the official members of the anthropological section of the association.

Didsbury College will celebrate its Jubilee in June. It is one of four theological colleges. During its existence more than 900 men have been trained there, and two or three

* We shall reprint this chapter in an early number of this MAGAZINE.—ED.

of the first students are still alive. Their presence at the great reunion meetings will be one of the most interesting features. Rev. Dr. Moulton has engaged to preach on the occasion, and a public meeting will be held. A portrait of Dr. Pope, who for nineteen years was tutor in theology, will be presented to the College.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes intimates that there is every probability of having twenty-five Methodists in the next House of Commons.

The Sheffield Methodist Council wants chairmen of districts to be free from the duties of circuit ministers, so that they may give themselves wholly to the work of visiting circuits and thus act like district bishops.

During the last year no fewer than 108 churches have been erected in England, fifty-one of which are in places where the Wesleyan body had been previously unrepresented. The total amount thus expended exceeded $8,942,500.

A new Out and Out Band Gospel Mission Car has been built at a cost of $650, to be used in the north of Ireland. Its name is "Peace." A lady in Dublin offered $500 toward the erection of another car, and $250 for books, to be used in the south of Ireland. These Gospel cars are much used in England, and some 15,000 members are connected with the Out and Out Band.

Rev. David Hill, missionary in China, though born to wealth, has cheerfully supported himself for twenty-eight years. His brother, a magistrate in York, has contributed nobly to the work, and now his son has gone to labour in the same field.

The second Annual Report of the Brunswick (Newcastle) Nurse and Deaconess Society has just been published. The object of the society is to care for the sick poor and visit them at their houses. A Nursing Guild has also been added which consists of twelve ladies who labour without fee or reward. During the year 127 patients have been cared for.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are more than 15,000 ministers, 14,000 local preachers, 100,000 official members, and 300,000 Sunday-school officers and teachers. There are 40,026 students including twenty different nationalities attending the various colleges, 1,102 of whom were aided last year. There has been an increase of nearly 8,000 students in four years. The value of the school property and endowments, exclusive of debts, is $26,022,392, an increase of about $5,000,000 in four years. The income last year was $15,546,672.36.

At the New York Book Concern, the sales for 1891 amounted to $1,061,076.38, profits $133,412.68. The sales at Cincinnati amounted to $1,141,038.02, profits $171,073.13. Out of the profits an appropriation of $125,000 is made to the Annual Conferences for the benefit of superannuated preachers and the widows and orphans of deceased ministers. The capital of the two houses is now $3,130,956.09.

Bishop Mallalien writes thus: "I am just in two hours from a hard trip of nine days, in which I preached ten times, lectured three times, dedicated one church, planned for three new ones, planned to pay up Church Extension Claims on two, prayed with more than fifty seekers of salvation, assumed $300 debt on a church the sheriff is after selling out, bought four-and-a-half acres of land, saw mill, grist mill, cotton gin, three cheap houses, etc., for school work, prayed in nine families, special pastoral visits, rode 1,100 miles. Am all right."

There are three Japanese studying in Drew Theological Seminary. One of them was for eight years an influential member of the Japan Conference. A young Japanese lady is in school in Evanston. In the Japanese Mission at San Francisco, some thirty or forty persons were baptized on Sunday, April 3rd, and early in this year Bro. Harris baptized 160 Japanese.

The New York Conference adopted a resolution asking that next General Conference take such action as it may deem best to secure the union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church

South, and every other Methodist Church in the United States.

The deaconesses of the Detroit Home have made 737 calls during the past month, and are doing a grand work in ministering to the wants of the needy, they are also working hard in the Sabbath-school.

Bishop Hurst has received $25,000 for the American University from a gentleman who does not wish his name to be published.

The Epworth Leagues of California are taking steps to erect an Epworth League church at Berkeley, the seat of the University of California.

The chaplaincies in the American Navy are distributed as follows: Presbyterian Church has two, the Episcopalians have ten, the Methodists five, the Baptists four, the Disciples one, the Roman Catholics two.

Ninomiya, Esq., a silk merchant at Yokohama, is delegate from Japan to the General Conference. He has been a local preacher for several years, and was converted fourteen years ago in San Francisco under Dr. Gibson. He makes large business sacrifices to attend the Conference.

Methodist New Connexion.

A tablet has been erected in Scotland Street Church, Sheffield, to the memory of Rev. W. N. Hall, one of the two pioneer missionaries to China. It was unveiled by Mr. Bramwell, who, with the young women's class, has borne the cost of erection.

A valedictory service in connection with the departure of Revs. G. T. Candlin and G. M. H. Imrocent and their families to China, was held in Union Street Church, Oldham, at which the President of Conference and the Mission Secretaries took part.

Dr. Watts, Connexional editor, has written a series of interesting letters respecting his late visit to the Western world. He writes in glowing terms respecting the success of Methodist Union in Canada.

An interesting biography of the late Rev. Dr. Stacy by Rev. W. J. Townsend has been published. The book will prove an inspiration to young men and deserves a wide sale.

Primitive Methodist

It has now been ascertained beyond a doubt, that there is a decrease in the membership for the year of 506, though this number may be still larger as returns have not been received from all the circuits.

Two new missions have been commenced in the west and east of London.

A Forward Movement was begun last year in Birmingham, under the care of Rev. J. Odell. He has gathered 2,000 children into the Sunday-schools, taught by sixty-seven teachers.

W. P. Hartley Esq., Missionary Treasurer, has offered $5,000 towards the cost of building a new wing to the Manchester college. He has also promised to give ten per cent. on the entire proceeds of the Missionary Anniversary.

Rev. John Day Thompson has gone to South Australia to supply the place of the late Rev. H. Gilmore.

A volume is in course of preparation to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. Samuel Antliff, D.D.

Little more than eighty years have elapsed since the Primitive Methodist body was inaugurated, and now the membership exceeds 200,000 adults, and 400,000 children. The first class only consisted of ten members.

Ministerial invitations are numerous in England. The three years' rule bids fair to be obliterated. Four ministers have remained six years on their respective circuits, others four, and one minister has actually been invited to remain for the ninth year on his present station, which is a mission in the suburbs of London.

The Methodist Church.

Revival intelligence is always gratifying. News comes from Newfoundland that will cheer our readers. In the city of St. John's, some hundreds have been brought to a knowledge of the truth.

The well-known evangelists, Crossley and Hunter, have closed their campaign at Moosomin in Manitoba Conference. Some hundreds have professed conversion. The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches especially

have been benefited. The evangelists contemplate taking a European tour.

The President and Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Strachan, have gone on a tour to visit the missions in Japan, and also to the Indian and Chinese missions in British Columbia. These ladies pay their own expenses.

A Methodist Social Union has been formed in Toronto. The main object is to promote social intercourse and unity of action in regard to Connexional interests in the city. These societies have been productive of great good, both in England and the United States. We wish success to this latest auxiliary.

By the time this number reaches our readers, Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, will have visited the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Omaha; and Dr. Potts will have gone to England and Ireland to visit five Conferences of the various branches of Methodism. These brethren are sent by our General Conference to represent Canadian Methodism at those various Conferences.

It is hoped that during the lovely month of May, the missionary party sent to China will have reached their destination. The last letter received intimates that they were all well.

Letters received at the Mission Rooms from Manitoba and British Columbia contain much gratifying intelligence which will be published *in extenso* in the *Outlook*. The Mission at Victoria, Manitoba, is being enlarged, as numerous settlers are going thither, so that the missionary preaches both to the Crees and the whites. Rev. E. Eves writes respecting a tour among the outposts from Norway House, which is full of thrilling interest. It contains evidence that the race of heroes is not yet extinct.

A new church has been opened at Beaconsfield Mission, Manitoba, and another has been dedicated at Ilderton, Guelph Conference; still another of a superior kind has been dedicated at Point St. Charles, Montreal.

The Death Roll.

Dr. Bidwell Lane has been added to the great majority. He was educated at Albert College, and after a few years in the ministry in Canada, he went to the United States, and laboured both in Kentucky and New York. A few years ago he removed to Manitoba, where his health was somewhat recruited. It was expected that he would become pastor of Grace Church, Winnipeg, at the coming Conference, but he has been called to a higher position. His funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in Winnipeg. The church and Sunday-school in Forty-third Street New York, his last pastoral charge, on hearing of his death contributed $1,000 to the bereaved family.

Dr. Henry Allan. This leading Congregational minister in London, England, died in April. For several years he was editor of the *British Quarterly Review*. During his pastorate in England's metropolis, he made strenuous efforts to improve Congregational singing, and by means of lectures and the publication of various books on music, he effected great improvements in Psalmody.

Bishop Williams of the Anglican Church has been numbered with the dead. The present writer made his acquaintance several years ago. Previous to being elevated to the Bishopric of Quebec, he was President of Bishops' College, Lennoxville, P.Q. He was a ripe scholar, a graduate of Oxford, England.

In our own Church, death has removed two brethren from our midst, E. R. Orser and Jabez Agur. The former was a superannuate in Montreal Conference. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1868, with the late M. E. Church, and laboured hard for the conversion of sinners. Bro. Agur was only just buckling on the armour as he was received on trial as a probationer in 1890. He laboured on an Indian Mission on Sudbury district, and fell at his post. His death is the tenth that has occurred this year in the Montreal Conference.

Book Notices.

Social Institutions of the United States: authorized reprint from *The American Commonwealth.* By James Bryce, author of "The Holy Roman Empire," etc., M.P. for Aberdeen. New York: Chautauqua Press. Pp. 307.

This is one of the prescribed books in the course of reading for the current year for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It is, however, of such general interest as to deserve notice here, and it will be of especial advantage to those who have not the time to read Mr. Bryce's large and more expensive work on "The American Commonwealth." It is a very high compliment to the candour, impartiality and insight of this member of the British Parliament, that his book is the best that can be presented to American and Canadian readers as giving an account of the social institutions of the United States. The book treats of almost every aspect of those institutions—the bench, the bar, the universities, the Churches and the clergy, the railroads, Wall Street, American oratory, the temper of the West, and the future of the political, social and economic institutions of the country.

Mr. Bryce is a very genial critic. He finds more to praise than to blame, yet he is not blind to defects, which he frankly points out.

One thing which is of special advantage on this continent is the absence of a dominant Established Church, except in Mexico and South America, where the evil of such an institution emphasizes the benefit of its absence in the United States and Canada. The growth of Methodism is one of the most striking phenomena in the great republic. Under the colonial regime it was small and feeble, poor and persecuted, while the Established Church was dominant in influence and power. The figures given by Mr. Bryce show, in 1887, over four millions and a half of Methodists in the United States, and less than one-tenth of that number of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The absence of an Established Church promotes inter-denominational good-will. "Social jealousies," says Mr. Bryce, "connected with religion, scarcely exist in America, and one notes a kindlier feeling between all denominations, Roman Catholics included, a greater readiness to work together for any charitable aims than between Catholics and Protestants in France or Germany, or between Anglicans and Nonconformists in England. The interdenominational rivalry is a friendly one, which does not provoke bad blood, because all Churches have a free field."

He notes the Christian co-operation, which is so common in the United States, and invariably so rare in older lands, with their exclusive ecclesiastical cliques and sets. He highly praises the voluntary system as being better for people and pastor, and for religious life in every respect. Even on the Pacific coast, in the chief city of Oregon, he found that a person who did not belong to some Church would socially lose caste.

He observes with regret, however, the great social evils—the Sunday paper everywhere, and the Sunday theatre in the great cities of the West.

He quotes statistics showing that the Protestant Church membership has risen from 1 in 14½, in 1800, to 1 in 5, in 1880. He notes, too, with pleasure, that the social side of Church life is more fully developed than in Protestant Europe. "The congregation is the centre of a group of societies, literary and recreative, as well as religious and philanthropic, which not only stimulate charitable work, but bring the poorer and richer members into friendly relations,

and form a large part of the social enjoyment of the young people, keeping them out of harm's way and giving them the means of forming acquaintance with one another." "In works of active beneficence," he says, "no country has surpassed, perhaps none has equalled the United States. Not only are sums collected for all sorts of philanthropic purposes, larger relatively to the wealth of America than in any European country, but the amount of personal interest shown in good works, and the personal effort devoted to them, seems to a European visitor to exceed what he knows at home."

Most of these characterizations and criticisms apply with equal force to the social institutions of Canada as well as to those of the United States.

"No people," he adds, "seem less open to the charge of Pharisaism or hypocrisy. History tells us that hitherto society has rested on religion, and that a free government has prospered best among a religious people."

The chapter upon the position of women must read like a fairy tale to the oppressed workwomen of Europe, where the military system takes three or four millions of men from farm and factory, and largely replaces them by women. "American women," he says, contrary to the prevalent opinion in this country, "take less part in politics than their English sisters do." He commends the social freedom of the less conventional sisters of America and says there can be no doubt that the pleasure of life is sensibly increased by the greater freedom which trans-Atlantic custom permits, and as the Americans insist that no bad results have followed, one notes with regret that freedom declines in the places which deem themselves most civilized. Ladies travel unattended in America with the greatest facility and safety. Between fastness and freedom there is in American eyes all the difference in the world, but newcomers from Europe are startled." The high-bred courtesy which American husbands pay their wives, and with which nearly all men treat all women, is an augury and omen of the higher civilization of the future.

He is greatly pleased at the facilities offered for higher education. He says, "Women have open to them a wider life and more variety of career, and if women have gained as a whole, it is clear that the nation gains through them. There is reason to think also that the influence tells directly for good upon men, as well as upon the whole community."

There is, however, one abatement to this generous eulogy, and that is the prevalence of divorce in parts of the Union. In this respect Canada appears at the greatest possible advantage, as the divorce rate is less than in any country in the world.

"In no country are women, especially young women, made so much of. The world is at their feet. Society seems organized for the purpose of providing enjoyment for them. Parents, uncles, aunts, elderly friends, even brothers, are ready to make their comfort and convenience bend to the girls'."

Mr. Bryce has an instructive chapter on the general pleasantness of American life, which arises in the first place from the prosperity and material well-being of the mass of the people. Throughout Europe, even in England, the masses live laborious lives, with rhuematism and the workhouse at the end of the vista. "In New England the factory hands lead a life far easier, far more brightened by intellectual culture and amusement than that of clerks or shopkeepers in England or France." He notes the miles of neat artisans' houses in the suburbs of the great cities, and the almost universal prevalence of freehold farms where the families grow up strong and sturdy on abundant food, the girls familiar with the current literature of Europe, as well as of America. Even the sky seems several stories higher, and "the fog and soot-flakes of an English town, as well as its squalor, are wanting. You are in a new world. A world that knows the sun. It is impossible not to be infected with the buoyancy and hopefulness of the people. The wretchedness of

Europe lies far behind, the weight of its problems seems lifted from the mind." "I doubt if any European can realize, till he has been in America, how much difference it makes to the happiness of anyone not wholly devoid of sympathy with his fellow-beings, to feel that all around him, in all classes of society, and in all parts of the country, there exist in such ample measure so many of the external conditions of happiness—abundance of the necessaries of life, easy command of education and books, amusement and leisure to enjoy them, and comparatively few temptations to intemperance and vice."

The second charm of American life is its social equality. "To many Europeans the word has an odious sound. It suggests a dirty fellow in a blouse elbowing his betters in a crowd; or an ill-conditioned villager shaking his fist at the parson or the squire; or at any rate it suggests obtrusiveness and bad manners. The exact contrary is the truth. Equality improves manners, for it strengthens the basis of all good manners—respect for other men and women simply as men and women, irrespective of their station in life." This he illustrates by facts.

"This naturalness of intercourse," he says, "is a distinct addition to the pleasure of social life. It raises the humbler classes without lowering the upper; indeed, it improves the upper no less than the lower, by expunging that latent insolence which deforms the manners of many of the European rich or great. It especially relieves from the narrowing and dwarfing study of social distinctions. Moreover, there are no quarrels of Churches and sects; Judah does not vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim envy Judah. No Established Church looks down scornfully upon Dissenters from the height of its titles and endowments. No Dissenters pursue an Established Church in a spirit of watchful jealousy, or agitate for its overthrow. "The Americans are a kindly people. Good-nature, heartiness, readiness to render small services, and an assumption that men are meant to be friendly rather than hostile to one another, seems to be everywhere in the air and in those who breathe it."

There is another side to this charming picture. In the great cities is much drunkenness and vice, but not so much, he asserts, as in Liverpool, London and Glasgow; and in America this is chiefly among the foreign population whose material condition is generally far better than it was in the old world.

Mr. Bryce says to the pleasantness of American life there is one, and only one, serious drawback—its uniformity. The very size of the country makes it monotonous. In Italy every city has its character. American cities are intolerably monotonous. Wide streets, ill-paved, the same Chinese laundries and ice-cream stores, and street-cars with passengers clinging to the platform, and locomotives ringing their bells as they clank slowly through the main thoroughfares. But a uniformity of general comfort may make one pardon a monotony of aspect.

We have not space to refer more fully to other features of this book, nor to the philosophical outlook of its political, social and economic future. It will well repay careful study, either in its abridged or larger form.

The Life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. By G. Holden Pike. Illustrated, price 20c. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Halifax, and Montreal.

The fame of Mr. Spurgeon was world-wide. No minister of any denomination could command such crowds as regularly flocked to his Tabernacle. His death excited universal lamentation.

The biographies that have been published are almost legion. The one mentioned above is neatly got up, and is full of the principal facts of the extraordinary man's life. The little brochure is amply illustrated with pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, the Tabernacle, College, and Orphanage, etc.

While Mr. Spurgeon was an extraordinary preacher, he was also a prolific writer. His weekly sermon

published in London was supposed to reach 100,000 readers in Great Britain, and many times that number in other quarters of the globe. For thirty-three years his sermons were published weekly, or at the rate of five per month, or nearly 2,000 sermons in all. His sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration" reached more than a quarter of a million copies. More of his discourses were sold in America than in England. Several volumes have been printed in Welsh, French, Italian and Dutch languages. Some of his works were translated into the Arabic, and published by the Religious Tract Society.

The Sword and Trowel, a weekly magazine, "John Ploughman's Talk," "Morning by Morning," "Lectures to my Students," "The Saint and the Saviour," have all had an extensive circulation. Probably the work which will live longest will be "The Treasury of David," in seven octavo volumes, which cost him more than twenty years of hard labour.

To all our readers who want to obtain a succinct history of Mr. Spurgeon's extraordinary career, we would strongly recommend this little book.—E. B.

Spurgeon Anecdotes. Gathered from various sources by Rev. James Ellis. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Boards 35c., cloth 75c.

This is an excellent book, embracing 152 pages, containing 217 anecdotes, all of which are either instructive or amusing, and not a few of them, both. The late Mr. Spurgeon always enjoyed a racy incident, no matter from what source it might come, if it could be used to profit. He seldom delivered an address, either from the pulpit or the platform, that did not contain one or more anecdotes. He knew how that well-told incidents always attracted the attention of the populace. The volume now mentioned may be of great use to those who are accustomed to speak in public. There are three portraits in the volume, that of Mr. Spurgeon, his grandfather, and his son Charles.—E. B.

Wanted, Antiseptic Christians. By Mrs. Ballington Booth. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

This is an eminently practical work, composed by one of the most successful leaders of the Salvation Army in America.

Literary Notes.

The Thinker; a Review of World-wide Christian Thought, is a monthly review, published by James Nisbet & Co., London, England. Rev. W. Briggs, D.D., Methodist Book Room, Toronto, is the Canadian agent. Sold at 30c. per number, or $2.50 per year. Each issue contains ninety-six pages. The articles embrace a wide circulation of subjects. None of the live questions of the day are overlooked. The writers are among the most learned men of all denominations, and every number that we have seen will amply repay a careful perusal.

The opinions of the press, which have been published, are of the most favourable kind. One says, "It is full of good things." Another testifies that "The work will be found to meet a want to which none of our present theological magazines so comprehensively ministers as does this one." One writer declares that "No minister should be without this excellent and useful monthly."

There are several departments in the respective numbers, each of which is under the special care of an able editor. Methodist readers will be glad to find the names of several distinguished divines of the Wesleyan Church in England, among the contributors.

Dr. Briggs should be encouraged for the enterprise he has displayed in introducing this valuable periodical into the Dominion, and we are glad to learn that the subscription list is gradually increasing.—E. B.

The May *Century*, in addition to the serials now running, will contain complete stories by Thomas Nelson Page and Wolcott Balestier, and a humerous skit by Harry Stillwell Edwards, author of "Two Runaways."